

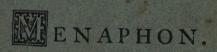


# The English Scholar's Library of Old and Modern Works.

Edited by EDWARD ARBER,

HON. FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON; F.S.A.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, ETC.,
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

ROBERT GREENE, M.A.



1589.

Only to be obtained by postal application to Mr. Arber, at 36. CRAVEN PARK, WILLESDEN, LONDON, N.W. No. 12.

my Godfathers in English Literature,

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PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE,

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

AND

HENRY PYNE, Esq.,

Late ASSISTANT TITHE COMMISSIONER,
St. JAMES'S SQUARE, LONDON.

this

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with blended admiration and gratitude,

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The English Scholar's Library etc.

No. 12.

MENAPHON.

1589.

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# The English Scholar's Library of Old and Modern Works.

# ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

#### MENAPHON.

### Camila's alarm to slumbering

EUPHUES in his melancholy cell at Silexedra, &c.

#### Edited by EDWARD ARBER,

HON. FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON; F.S.A.
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.

36, CRAVEN PARK, WILLESDEN, LONDON, N.W. 2 August, 1880.

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# THE ENGLISH WORKS OF ROBERT GREENE, GABRIEL HARVEY, AND THOMAS NASH.

1580-1600 A.D.

Strange to say, such a Chronological List as this is still a desideratum. We have included in it the novels of LVLY and LODGE, so as to make it represent the principal Romance Writers of the Euphuistic School in ELIZABETH's reign.

It naturally comprises all the Works which expressed the famous Quarrel between RICHARD and GABRIEL HARVEY, and TOM NASH: in respect to which, it must always be remembered that the HARVEYS began it, in A Theological Discourse of The Lamb of GOD &-c., 23 Oct. 1589; and that when NASH was beguiled so as to insert an Apology, as handsome as it was honest (in the First edition of his CHRIST's teares over ferusalem, 8 Sept. 1593), GABRIEL HARVEY scornfully rejected the offer, and so brought upon himself-the severest invectives of one, whom both GREENE (in his Groat's Worth, 1592), and MERES (in his Palladis Tamia, 1598) called the English JUVENAL.

In the following List; there comes 1st, Date of registration at Stationers' Hall, with a reference in ( ) to the page in the Transcript of the Registers &c. 1875-6, where the entry may be found. 2nd, The Writer, a short part of the title, and the date of title page of First Edition, which is often of the year following that of the registration. 3rd, The Printer or Publisher to whom the First Edition was licensed,

as G. CAWOOD.

All the concurrent MARTIN MARPRELATE books are omitted from this List. For these, see pp. 197-200 of No. 8 of this Series.

1578.

- 2 Dec. (ii. 342). J.Lyly, M.A. EUPHUES. Anatomy of Wit. 1579. G. CAWOOD.
- 24 July (ii. 357). J. Lyly, M.A. EUPHUES and his England. 1580. G. CAWOOD.
- 30 June (ii. 373). E. Spenser and Dr. G. Harvey. Three proper, and wittie, familiar Letters, lately passed betweene two University men. H. BINNEMAN.
  3 Oct. (ii. 378). E. Greene, M.A. MAMILLIA. A Mirrour or looking glasse for the Ladies of England. [GREENE's first printed Work.] T. Woodcock.
- 20 Mar. (ii. 391). R. Greene, M.A. A Ballad. Youthe seinge all his wais so Troublesome &sc. E. White.
- 7 June (ii. 412). J. Yates, Servingman. The Castell of Courtesie . . . the Holde of Humilitic, with the Chariot of Chastitie. J. Wolf. 1583.
- 19 Aug. (ii. 427). A. Munday. The sweete sobbes, and amorous Complaintes of Shepardes and Nymphes in a fancye confusde.

  J. CHARLEWOOD. 6 Sept. (ii. 428). R. Greene, M.A. MAMILLIA. The Second part of the
- 6 Sept. (ii. 428). R. Greene, M.A. MAMILLIA. The Second part of the Triumph of PALLAS.

  1584. W. PONSONBY.

  11 April (ii. 431). R. Greene, M.A. GWIDONIUS. The Carde of Fancie.
- W. PONSONBY? Not registered. R. Greene, M.A. The Mirrour of Modestie. R. WARD-
- ? Not registered. R. Greene, M.A. The Mirrour of Modestie. R. WARD-13 Aug. (ii. 434). R. Greene, M.A. ARBASTO. The Anatomic of Fortune.
- 22 Sept. (ii. 435). W. Warner, Attorney in the Common Pleas. PAN his SYRINX or Pipe compact of seven reedes, including in one, seven Tragical and Comical Arguments.

  T. Purfoot.
- ? Not registered. R. Greene, M.A. Planetomachia, or the first part of the general opposition of the seven Planets.

  1586.

  1586.
- 8 Aug. (ii. 452). R. Greene, M.A. MORANDO. The Tritameron of Love. E. WHITE-

### CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF GREENE'S WORKS, &c. vii

[Not required to be registered.] R. Greene, M.A., adds a Second Part to the new edition of MORANDO of this year. Farewell to folly.

11 June (ii. 471). R. Greene, M.A. E. AGGAS. R. Greene, M.A. 19 June (ii. 472). EUPHUES, his censure to PHILAUTUS. R. Greene, M.A. 18 Sept. (ii. 475). E. WHITE.

E. WHITE. PERIMIDIES the Blacksmith. 29 March (ii. 488). R. Greene, M.A. (ii. 493). R. Greene, M.A. PANDOSTO. The Triumph of Time. [Re-T. ORWIN. gisterea as The complaint of tyme.]

[: The foundation story of SHAKESPEARE'S Winter's Tale.]

19 Sept. (ii. 499). T. Nash. The Anatomie of Absurdities. [p. xiii.] T. HACKET. [Not however published in August 1589, see p. 18. The first and only edition in the Author's life-time is dated 1590, ]

(ii. 510). R. Greene, M.A. ALCIDA. Greene's Metamorphosis. J. WOLF. 9 Dec.

Feb. (ii. 515). R. Greene, M.A. The Spanish Masquerado. T. CADMAN.

Not registered. R. Greene, M.A. CICERONIS Amor. TULLIE's Love.

Printed by R. ROBINSON, for T. NEWMAN and J. WINNINGTON, Assigned from ? Not registered.

WINNINGTON'S widow to J. BUSBY on 30 Oct. 1595 (iii. 51).
23 Aug. (ii. 529). R. Greene, M.A. MENAPHON. CAMILLA'S alarum to slum-

bering EUPHUES, in his melancholie Cell of Silexedra. 22 Sept. (ii. 530). T. Lodge, M.D. SCILLAES Metamorphosis, enterlaced with the R. JONES. unfortunate Love of Glaucus.

23 Oct. (ii. 532). Richard Harvey. A Theological Discourse of the Lamb of GOD and his enemies. [Published after FIERCE PENNILESSE.] 1590. W. PONSONBY. : Written against the Martinists; but is also the beginning of the strife between

the HARVEYS, and LYLY, GREENE and NASH.

With this should be considered another piece written by GABRIEL HARVEY. Trinitie Hall, this fift of November, 1589, entituled An Advertisement for PAP-HATCHET and MARTIN MAR-PRELATE; which appears as pp. 69-140 of his Pierce's Supererogation; which was not published by him till September 1593, four months after PENRY had been hanged.]

1590.

ORPHARION. Wherein is discouered a 9 Feb. (ii. 539). R. Greene, M.A. musicall concorde of pleasant Historics.

15 April (ii. 545). [Registered to T. Nelson.] R. Greene, M.A. The Royal Exchange. Containing sundry Aphorismes of Phylosophie, and golden principles of Morrall and Naturall Quadruplicities. I. CHARLEWOOD for W. WRIGHT.

[26 June (ii. 553)? TARLTON'S News out of Purgatory. T. GUBBINS and T. NEWMAN.] ? Not registered. [?] The Cobler of Canterbury or An Invective against TARLTON's

R. ROBINSON. News out of Purgatory. R. Greene, M.A. Never too Late. Or a Powder of Experience. ? Not registered.

T. ORWIN for N. L[ING] and J. BUSBY.

R. Greene, M.A. FRANCESCOS Fortunes. Or the Second Part ? Not registered.

ver too Late.

T. ORWIN for N. L[ING] and J. BUSEY.

(ii. 564). T. Lodge, M.D., edited by R. Greene, M.A. ROSALYND. of Never too Late. EUPHUES golden legacy, found after his death in his Cell at N. LING and J. BUSBY.

[: The foundation story of SHAKESPEARE's As you like it.] (ii. 567). R. Greene, M.A. Mourning Garment: given him by Repentance, at the Funerals of Love.

1591. T. Lodge, M.D. The famous, true and historical life of ROBERT ? Not registered. [?] for N. L[ING] and J. BUSEY. . . . the Diucll.

#### viii CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF GREENE'S WORKS, &c.

? Not registered. T. Lodge, M.D. Catharos. DIOGENES in his Singularitie. W. Hoskins and J. Danter for J. Busby. (ii. 600). R. Greene, M.A. A Maidens Dream [upon the death of Sir C. HATTON, Lord Chancellor]. [T. SCARLET for] T. NELSON.
Dec. (ii. 600). R. Greene, M.A. A notable Discovery of Coosnage. [T. SCARLET for T. NELSON. [Registered as The Art of Connye katchinge to E. WHITE and T. NELSON.] 13 Dec. (ii. 600). R. Greene, M.A. The Second Part of Conny-catching [T. WOLF for] W. WRIGHT. 7 Feb. (ii. 603). R. Greene, M.A. The Third and last Part of Conny-catching. T. SCARLET [ for C. BURBY]. EUPHUES shadow, with the Deaf man's 17 Feb. (ii. 604). T. Lodge, M.D. Dialogue. [A. JEFFES for] N. LING and J. BUSBY. 21 April (ii. 609). Cuthbert Conny-catcher. The Defence of Connye Catchinge. [A. JEFFES for] T. GUBBINS and J. BUSBY. ? Not registered. [?] A Disputation betweene a He Conny Catcher, and a Shee Conny-catcher. A. J[EFFES for] T. G[UBBINS]. (ii. 614). [Registered tentatively to J. WOLF.] R. Greene, M.A. The Lady Fitzwa[l]ter's Nightingale. MELA. R. B. for E. WHITE.

21 July (ii. 617). R. Greene, M.A. A Quip for an Upstart Courtier. J. WOLF, 8 Aug. (ii. 619). T. Nash. PIERCE PENNILESSE his Supplication to the Deuill. [... The surreptitions First edition with the long Title page.] R. JONES. Plots of the tregistered. T. Nash. PIERCE PENNILESSE his Supplication to the Divell. [... The authentic Second edition with the short Title.] A. JEFFES for J. BUSBW. 21 Aug. (ii. 619). R. Greene, M.A. The Blacke Bookes Messenger. Laying open the Life and Death of NED BROWNE. J. DANTER [for T. NELSON]. [29 Aug., the date of C. BIRD's letter from Saffron Walden, in Dr. G. HARVEN'S

[29] Aug., the date of C. Bird's letter from Saffron Walden, in Dr. G. HARVEV's Foure Letters &c. (Licensed the following 4 Dec.). It describes GREENE, as, Now sicke as a Dog, and states that, in A Quip &c, he had attacked GABRIEL's father, old Master HARVEY of Saffron Walden.

Robert Greene dies 4 September, 1592.

[The details of his death are given by G. HARVEY in the Second of his Foure Letters &c.; which is dated, London, 5 of September, 1592].
20 Sept. [ii. 620]. R. Greene, M.A. Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million

of Repentance. W. WRIGHT.
6 Oct. (ii. 620). [?] The Repentance of Robert Greene, M.A. J. Danter.

[A copy is in the Malone Collection, in the Statician Library.]

Dec. (ii. 623). Dr. G. Harvey. Four Letters, and certaine Sonnets: especially Advisory.

cially touching ROBERT GREENE.

8 Dec. (ii. 623). Henry Chettle. KIND HART'S Dreame.

W. WRIGHT.

for T. NEWMAN.

1593.

12 Jan. (ii. 624). T. Nash. Strange News of the intercepting certaine Letters.
J. DANTER.
[Registered as The Apologie of PIERCE PENNYLESSE, or strange news, &c.]

3 Feb. (ii. 626). B[arnaby] R[ich]. Greene's Newes both from Heaven and Hell,
T. Adams and J. Oxenbridge.
[18 Apr. (ii. 630). W. Shakespeare's first publication. VENUS and ADONIS.
R. FIRED J.

John Penry hanged, 29 May, 1593. Christopher Marlowe dies from a stab, 16 June, 1593.

30 June (ii. 633). T. Nash. The Terror of the night or a Discourse of Apparitions.

Sept. (ii. 635). T. Nash. First Edition of Christ's teares over Ierusalem. ALICE CHARLEWOOD. [but? printed by JAMES ROBERTS for ANDREW WISE.]

In the Epistle To the Reader, G. HARVEY having made "a slauish privat sub-mission"; NASH makes the following "generall publike reconciliation."

Nil nisi flere libet, Gentles, heere is no ioyful subicet towardes, if you will weepe, so it is. I have nothing to spend on you but passion. A hundred vnfortunate farewels to fantastical Satirisme. In those vaines heere-to-fore haue I mispent my spirite, and prodigally conspir'd against good houres. Nothing is there nowe so much in my vowes, as to be at peace with all men, and make submissive amends where I haue most displeased. Not basely feare-blasted, or constraintiuely ouer-ruled, but purely pacifycatoric supplicat, for reconciliation and pardon doe I sue, to the principallest of them, gainst whom I profest vtter enhity.

Euen of Maister Docter Harucy, I hartily desire the like, whose fame and reputation, (though through some precedent inturious prouocations, and feruent incitements of young heads.) I rashly assailed: yet now better aduised, and of his perfections more confirmedly persuaded, vnfainedly I entreate of the whole worlde, from my penne his worths may receiue no impeachment. All acknowledgements of aboundant Schollership, courteous well gouerned behaulour, and ripe experienst judgement, doe I attribute vnto him. Only

with his milde gentle moderation, heervnto hath he wonne me.

Take my inuective against him, in that abject nature that you would doe the ralying of a Sophister in the schooles, or a scolding Lawyer at the barre,

which none but fooles wil wrest to defame.

As the Tytle of this Booke is *Christs Tearts*, so be this Epistle the Teares of my penne. Many things haue I vainely sette forth, whereof now it repenteth me. S. *Augustine* writ a whole booke of his Retractations. Nothing so much do I retract, as that wherin soeuer I haue scandalized the meanest.

No sconer was this published; and "the scalp of *Harwey's* credit, new couered with a false periwig of commendations," than *Harvey* launched after "a cunning abuscado of confiscated idle oathes," that which had been in preparation for some six months, viz.,

Dr. G. Harvey's PIERCE's Supererogation, or A new Prayse of the Old Asse.

In two Farts, each with a title page. The Second and larger Part was written first, and is dated 27 Aprill 1593. The first Part is short, and dated, At London: this 16 of Iuly, 1593. The last date in the Book, is in the Printer's Postscript, and

is J. THORIUS's Letter from Oxford, 3 Aug. 1593. [? Two editions.]

Respecting this work, NASH says, (Hane with you to Saffron Walairn, F. 2. Ed. 1596) Gabrielt Harney... not content to have the naked scalp of his credit now covered with a false periwig of commendations... hath since that time deepely forsworne himself in the arbitrement of peace, and after the ancient custome of Scottish amitie, vnawares proclaimed open warres a fresh in a whole Alexandrian Librarie of waste paper. "Piers his Supererogation, or Nashes Saint Fame" pretely and quirkingly he christens it; and yet not so much to quirke and crosse me thereby, as to blesse himselfe and make his booke sell, did hee give it that title. Now... he takes a new lesson out of Plutarch, in making benefit of his enemie, and borrows my name, and the name of Piers Pennilesse (one of my Bookes) which he knew to be most saleable (passing at the least through the pikes of sixe Impressions) to helpe his bedred stuffe to limpe out of Powles Churchyard.

17 Sept. (ii. 636). [Licensed to J. Wolf.] T. Nash. The unfortunate Traveller, Or, the life of Lack Willton.
 T. Scarlet for C. Burry.
 I Oct. (ii. 636). Dr. G. Harvey, A New Letter of Notable Contents. J. Wolf.
 7 Dec. (ii. 641). R. Greene, M.A. A "plaie booke." The Historie of Orlando Furioso, one of the twelve Peeres of Fraunce.
 J. Danter.

Assigned by DANTER, on 24 May, 1594 (ii. 650) to C. BURBY, reserving the right of printing of any new editions.

T. Nash. Second edition of CHRIST's Tears over Terusalem. For A. WISE. In this Edition NASH substitutes a new Epistle to the Reader, in which he thus resents the malignity of HARVEY'S pretended friendship.

The loue or pitie I shewed towards mine enemie, of all my ill fortunes hath

most confounded me . . .

Cleane contrarie to my expectation it hath fallen out, for treason was shrowded vnder termes of truce: whereas I thought to make my foe a bridge of golde, or faire words to flie by, he hath used it as a high way to inuade me. Hoe pia lingua dedit. This it is to deale plainly. An extreme gull he is in this age and no better, that beleeues a man for his swearing. Impious Gabriell Harney, the vowed enemie to all vowes and protestations, plucking on with a slavish prinat submission, a generall publike reconciliation, hath with a cunning ambuscado of confiscated idle othes, welneare betrayed me to infamie eternall (his owne proper chaire of torment in hell). I can say no more but the deuill and he be no men of their words.

J. DANTER. (ii. 644). R. B. Gent. Greene's Furneralles. (ii. 645). T. Lodge, M.D., and R. Greene, M.A. A Looking Glasse for n and England. [A Play.]

London and England. [A Play.]
14 May (ii. 648). R. Greene, M.A. The Scottish Historie of James the Fourth,

at Flodden. [A Play.] T. CREED. (ii. 652). T. Lodge, M.D. A Spyder's Webbe. [? now lost.] N. Ling. slaine at Flodden. 7 June 1595.

(ii, 668). [?] PAN his Pipe conteyning Three pastorall Egloges in Englishe Hexameter, with other delightful Verses.

A Comedie of GEORGE A GREENE, the Primer of Wakefield. I Apr. (ii. 295). [ .. Attributed to Greene.] C. BURBY.

streal. R. R. Questions concerning Cony-hood.
[\*.\* A Copy was in Corser's Third Sale, No. 399. 1870.] ? Not registered.

T. Nash, Have with you to Saffron Walden, or GABRIEL ? Not registered. I. DANTER.

1597.
The Trimming of THOMAS NASHE, Gentle II Oct. (iii. 92). Dr. G. Harvey. [for N. Ling and] C. Burby. 1599. man.

(iii. 134). T. Nash. Lenten Stuffe. (iii. 677). Archbishop WHITGIFT and BANCROFT Bishop of London, at Croyden, give Commandments to the Master and Warden of the Stationers Company to seize and burn certain books. Among these, is the following:

That all NASSHES bookes and Doctor HARVYES bookes be taken wheresoeuer they maye be found and that none

of theire bookes bee euer printed hereafter/

June (iii. 678). The Commandments are promulgated at Stationers' Hall; certain books are burnt &c.: and all the printers (a list of whose names is given) likely to be concerned in the production of such books are distinctly warned accordingly.

28 Oct. (iii. 175). T. Nash. A pleasant Comedie called SUMMER's last Will and Testament.
S. STAFFORD for [C. BURBY and ] W. BURBE.
T. Nash was evidently dead some time before December 1601, when the Return

from Parnassus was written. See p. x. of No. 6 of this Series. CHARLES FITZ GEOFFREY has a Latin Epitaph to him in his Conotophia at the

end of his Affana, printed by B. BARNES, at Oxford, in 1601.

J. Lyly died in 1606.



#### INTRODUCTION.



Fast. She does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choice figures in her ordinary conferences, as any be in the Arcadia.

Car. Or rather in Greenes works, whence she may steal with more security.

BEN JONSON. Every man out of his humour, Act ii., sc. 1. [Acted 1509.]
Printed [Ent. Stat. Hall, 8 April] 1600.]



Lt the arguments that have been written on the assumption that GREENE'S MENAPHON (including as it does NASH's important prefatory Epistle), was published in 1587, are only so much waste paper. Its first edition was thus registered at Stationers' Hall.

#### 23° die Augusti/[1589].

Sampson Clarke/

Entred for his Copie, MENAPHON CAMILLUS allarum to slumberinge EPHEWES in his melancholly cell at Silexedria. | Vnder the handes of Master doctour STALLER and bothe the Wardens.

Transcript of the Stationers' Registers, ii. 529. Ed. 1875.

This precise date is not of much consequence with regard to the Novel itself; for, like most of GREENE's prose writings, it has not any date inside of it: but it is material in respect to the literary career of Tom Nash, to the supposed allusions in his Preface to SHAKESPEARE, and to its positive allusion to a tragical character-called HAMLET, as one well known at the time.

As NASH's Preface says, at p. 6,

I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian Menaphon,

it was evidently written subsequent to the rapid composition, probably also to the printing of the Novel.

We have seen at p. 81 of our Introductory Sketch, No. 8 of this Series, that the first Martinist publication, the Epistle, came abroad in November 1588. Consequently all allusions to MARTIN as "anie dutty mouthed Martin" are subsequent to that date: before which month the idea conveyed in it did not exist in our Literature.

In the following attack by NASH on those "night crows" [i.e. J. PENRY and J. THROCKMORTON], he clearly calls PENRY an "irregular idiot." It must be remembered that the Martinist press had not as yet been seized, at the time when NASH wrote this.

A secular wit that hath lived all daies of his life by what doo -you lacke, to bee more iudiciall in matters of conceit, than our quadrant crepundios, that spit ergo in the mouth of euerie one they meete: yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poysonous Pasquil, anie durtie mouthed Martin, or Monnus euer composed, is gathered vp with greedinesse before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deerest though they smell of the friplers lauander halfe a yeare after: for I know not how the minde of the meanest is fedde with this follie, that they impute singularitie to him that slanders priuelie, and count it a great peece of arte in an inkhorne man, in anie tapsterlie tearmes whatsoeuer, to oppose his superiours to enuie. I will not denie but in scholler-like matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as commendable; and that a quippe to an asse is as good as a goad to an oxe: but when an irregular idiot, that was vp to the eares in divinitie, before ever he met with probabile in the Vniuersitie, shall leaue pro et contra before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct Common weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magistrate before he came to Cambridge, it is no meruaile if every alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned vpside down; since the childe beats his father, and the asse whippes his master. p. 8.

It seems therefore clear that NASH's Preface could not have been written before November 1588. Our belief is that he wrote it in the summer of 1589, before the appearance of *Theses Martiniana* on 22-29 July of that year,

#### TT.



ASH asks, at p. 17, the Gentlemen Students of both Universities "to read," his Preface," favourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues" &c. This then was his first published performance. But it was not his first written work. He says on the next page 18,

It may be, my Anatomie of Absurdities may acquaint you ere long. . . . If you chance to meete it in Paules, . . .

Yet the Anatomic had been already thus registered at Stationers' Hall, some eleven months before this Preface appeared.

#### 19 Septembris [1588].

Master hacket.

Entred for his copie, The Anatomie of absurdvties: Aucthorised vnder Doctor STALLERS hand, and Master Coldokes being to yt as warrant for this entrance.

Transcript, &c. ii. 499. Ed. 1875.

But for NASH's own testimony above, we should have certainly inferred an edition of the Anatomie in 1588; though the British Museum copy of an edition by HACKET, is dated 1590: which is probably the first and only impression of the Anatomic published in the Author's lifetime.

#### III.



T is well known that the early tragedies of Elizabeth's reign were, like Ferrex and Porrex, imitations of those of SENECA; and that later on, our dramatists abandoned the old Latin, for the new Italian

NASH thus refers to a similar change, at p. q.

It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leave the trade of Nouerint whereto they were borne, and busic themselues with the indeuors of Art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they shoulde have

and then he goes on to show how these men, these famished followers of SENECA, went on "to intermeddle with Italian translations." With all these, he contrasts "those men of import, that have laboured with credit in this laudable kinde of Translation," p. 10. So that, all the while, he is referring only to Verse Translators: first, from the Classics; secondly, from Italian.

It has been thought that he herein alluded to SHAKESPEARE; but the date is too early, and our great Poet is not known to have translated anything of the kind.

It is in connection with these Imitations of the Latin tragedies in Verse, that NASH says,

yet English Seneca read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as Bloud is a begger, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches. p. 9.

Here then we have a well known dramatic character of *Hamlet* before Shakespeare's time.

Considerable discussion has arisen whether what is known as the First Quarto of SHAKESPEARE's HAMLET; is a revision by him of this earlier HAMLET; or whether it be a first draught of his own independent tragedy.

If there be any force whatever in NASH's allusion, it would appear that this point may be easily determined.

He is speaking entirely of one who was variting plays in the style of SENECA. "Such an one, if you stood him wine on a frosty morning, would speak you whole HAMLETS! handsfull of tragical speaches." Is it not a fair inference that such a HAMLET (so familiar to, and so ready to the hand of an "English SENECA") first appeared, and became renowned in an English Play constructed on the old Latin plan, with the long speeches, the chorus, and the dumb show?

Is the First Quarto framed on the model of SENECA's tragedies? If so, in all likelihood, it is the HAMLET here referred to by NASH; if not, it is SHAKES-PEARE's own production, in its first draught?

We leave the working out of this point to Shakespearean specialists: merely noticing that Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS, in his Memoranda on the Tragedy of HAMLET, p. 21, Ed. 1879, thus summarises all the extant allusions to this earlier play.

"The preceding notices may fairly authorise us to infer that the ancient play of HAMLET

- Was written by either an attorney or an attorney's clerk, who had not received a University education.
- 2. Was full of tragical high sounding speeches.
- 3. Contained the passage, There are things called whips in store, spoken by HAMLET.
- Included a very telling brief speech by the Ghost in the two words, HAMLET! Revenge!
- Was acted at the Theatre in Shoreditch, and at the Playhouse at Newington Butts.
- Had for its principal character, a hero exhibiting more general violence than can be attributed to Shakespeare's creation of Hamlet."

#### iv.



Ash's Preface is also very interesting as a piece of Contemporary Criticism on the Learned side of Poetry, more thought of then than now; as PUTTENHAM'S Arte of English Poesie, of the same year, is of our Vernacular Verse.

#### v.



O BETTER or so copious specimens of Elizabethan Prose, in its virility, and its grace as well, exist than may be found in the Prose Works of GREENE, HARVEY, and NASH.

A collected Edition of them, as specified at pp. 6-10 is much wanted.

NASH, who was GREENE's intimate, thus describes him in Strange News, 1592.

Hee inherited more vertues than vices, a iolly long red peake [i.e., beard] like the spire of a steeple he cherisht continually without cutting, whereat a man might hang a lewell,

it was so sharp and pendant.

VVhy should art answer for the infirmities of manners? He had his faultes, and thou [i.e., G. HARVEY] thy follyes. Debt and deadly sinne, who is not subject to? With any notorious crime I neuer knew him tainted. . . A good fellow hee was. . . In a night and a day would he haue yarkte vp a Pamphlet [i.e., a Romance like the present Text] as well as in seauen yeare, and glad was that Printer that might bee so blest to pay him deare for the very dregs of his wit.

Hee made no account of winning credite by his workes, as thou [G. HARVEY] dost, that dost no good workes, but thinkest to bee famosed by a strong faith of thy owne worthines. His only care was to haue a spel in his purse to coniure vp a good cuppe of wine with at all times.

E. 4.

So GREENE, with his Love Pamphlets, and DRYDEN, with his Comedies, are both signal examples of men of genius doing work in which they neither had any pride nor sought any reputation. A strange and fatuous squandering of their mental wealth!

#### VI.



HOUGH NASH denied that GREENE was his superior in anything; he excepted his dramatic plotting, wherein he considered GREENE to excel. In this Pastoral Romance, however, there is the least possible Plot. The chain of Cause and Effect is of the weakest possible strength.

It is really in its form a Prose Play enlivened by Songs; and might easily be cut up into Acts (p. v.), but for the descriptions of places, which would be now represented by scenery. The characters appear and disappear violently, at the will of the Writer. The Story, judged by our modern tests, is full of glaring absurdities. That MELICERTUS should woo his long-lost wife, and not come to recognize her; and that PLEUSIDIPPUS should woo his own mother, and she not know him, is utterly contrary to probability, and the constitution of human nature. But it is only to be supposed that in the Golden World, these little difficulties were not thought to be of any consequence. The incongruities of Time are even greater than those of Fact. One can see how such a story as this would exasperate any one craving for Oneness of Design, and convert him to the Doctrine of the Unities.

Like Shakespeare's As you like it, this Romance seems filled with the sunshine of that Golden Age which illuminated the souls of the later Poets of ELIZABETH's reign: while, under the disguise of shepherds and shepherdesses on the Mediterranean shores, such works have preserved to us the fine-filed talk of the English Court. So that they are models to us of the cultivated speech of that time.



#### MENAPHON

# Camillas alarum to

slumbering Euphues, in his mélancholie Cell at Silexedra.

WVherein are deciphered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time.

Displaying in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuate Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.

A worke worthie the youngest eares for pleasure, or the grauest censures for principles.

Robertus Greene in Artibus magister.

Omne tulit punctum.



#### LONDON

Printed by T. O. for Sampson Clarke, and are to be sold behinde the Royall Exchange.

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### To the right Worshipfull and ver-

tuous Ladie, the Ladie Hales, wife to the late deceased Sir Iames Hales; Robert Greene wisheth increase of Worship and vertue.



Hen Alexander (right worshipfull) was troubled with hottest feuers, Phillip the phisition broght him the coldest potions; extreams haue ther Antidotes, and the driest melancholy hath a

moistest sanguin; wise Hortenzia, midst hir greatest dumpes, either playd vvith hir Children, or read some pleasant verses: such as sorrow hath pinched, mirth must cure. This considered; hearing (madam) of the passions your Ladiship hath vttered a late for the losse of your husband, a Knight in life worshipfull, vertuous, and full of honourable thoghts: discouering by such passionate sorowes the patterne of a louing and vertuous wife, whose joves lived in hir husbands weale, and ended with his life, I thought it my dutie to write this pastorall historie, conteyning the manifolde injuries of fortune, that both your Ladiship might see her inconstant follies, and beare hir frownes with more patience, and when your dumpes were most deepe, then to looke on this little treatise for recreation; wherein there be as well humors to delight, as discourses to aduise. Which if your Ladiship shall vouch to accept, couering my presumption and faultes with your wonted courtesie; I haue the wished end of my labors. In which hope resting, I commit your Ladiship to the Almightie.

Yours in all humble service,

Robert Greene.





# To the Gentlemen Readers, health.

T fareth with mee, Gentlemen, as with Batillus, the ouer bold poet of Rome, that at euerie winke of Cæsar would deliuer vp an hundred verses, though neuer a one plausible, thinking the Emperours smile a priviledge

for his ignorance: so I having your favor in letting passe my Pamphlets, feare not to trouble your patience with many works, and such as if Batillus had lived, hee might well have subscribed his name to. But resting vpon your favors I have thus farre adventured to let you see Camillas alarum to Euphues, who thought it necessarie not to let Euphues censure to Philautus, passe without requitall. If Gentlemen you finde my stile either magis humile in some place, or more sublime in another, if you finde darke Ænigmaes or strange conceipts as if Sphinx on the one side, and Roscius on the other were playing the wagges; thinke the metaphors are well ment, and that I did it for your pleasures, whereunto I ever aymed my thoughts: and desire you to take a little paines to prie into my imagination. Wherein if you shall rest mine, I shall ever as I have done rest yours; and so I bid you farewell.





# To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities.



Vrteous and wise, whose iudgements (not entangled with enuie) enlarge the deserts of the Learned by your liberall censures; vouchsafe to welcome your scholler-like Shepheard with such Vniuersitie entertainement, as either the nature of your bountie, or the custome of your common

ciuilitie may affoord. To you he appeales that knew him ab extrema pueritia, whose placet he accounts the plaudite of his paines; thinking his daie labour was not altogether lauisht sine linea, if there be anie thing of all in it, that doth olere atticum in your estimate.

I am not ignorant how eloquent our gowned age is growen of late; so that euerie mechanicall mate abhorres the english he was borne too, and plucks with a solemne periphrasis, his vt vales from the inkhorne; which I impute not so much to the perfection of arts, as to the seruile imitation of vainglorious tragedians, who contend not so seriouslie to excell in action, as to embowell the clowdes in a speach of comparison; thinking themselues more than initiated in poets immortalitie, if they but once get Boreas by the beard, and the heauenlie bull by the deaw-lap.

But herein I cannot so fully bequeath them to follie, as their idiote art-masters, that intrude themselues to our eares

as the alcumists of eloquence; who (mounted on the stage of arrogance) think to outbraue better pens with the swelling bumbast of a bragging blanke verse. Indeed it may be the ingrafted overflow of some kilcow conceipt, that overcloieth their imagination with a more than drunken resolution, beeing not extemporall in the invention of anie other meanes to vent their manhood, commits the digestion of their cholerick incumbrances, to the spacious volubilitie of a Mongst this kinde of men that drumming decasillabon. repose eternitie in the mouth of a player, I can but ingrosse some deepe read Grammarians, who having no more learning in their scull, than will serue to take vp a commoditie: nor Arte in their brain, than was nourished in a seruing mans idlenesse, will take vpon them to be the ironicall censors of all: when God and Poetrie doth know, they are the simplest of all.

To leave these to the mercie of their mother tongue, that feed on nought but the crummes that fal from the translators trencher, I come (sweet friend) to thy Arcadian Menaphon; whose attire though not so statelie, yet comelie, dooth entitle thee aboue all other, to that temperatum dicendi genus, which Tullie in his Orator tearmeth true eloquence. Let other men (as they please) praise the mountaine that in seauen yeares brings foorth a mouse, or the Italionate pen, that of a packet of pilfries, affoordeth the presse a pamphlet or two in an age, and then in disguised arraie, vaunts Ouids and Plutarchs plumes as their owne; but give me the man, whose extemporall vaine in anie humor, will excell our greatest Artmasters deliberate thoughts; whose inuention quicker than his eye, will challenge the proudest Rethoritian, to the contention of like perfection, with like expedition. What is he amongst Students so simple, that cannot bring forth (tandem aliquando) some or other thing singular, sleeping betwixt euerie sentence? Was it not Maros xij. years toyle, that so famed

his xij. Eneidos? Or Peter Ramus xvj. yeares paines, that so praised his pettie Logique? Howe is it then, our drowping wits should so wonder at an exquisite line, that was his masters day labour? Indeede I must needes say, the descending yeares from the Philosophers Athens, have not been supplied with such present Orators, as were able in anie English vaine to be eloquent of their owne, but either they must borrow invention of Ariosto, and his Countreymen, take vp choyce of words by exchange in Tullies Tusculane, and the Latine Historiographers store-houses: similitudes, nav whole sheetes and tractacts verbatim, from the plentie of Plutarch and Plinie, and to conclude, their whole methode of writing. from the libertie of Comical fictions, that have succeeded to our Rethoritians, by a second imitation: so that, well may the Adage. Nil dictum quod non dictum prius, bee the most judiciall estimate, of our latter Writers.

But the hunger of our vnsatiate humorists, beeing such as it is readie to swallowe all draffe without indifference. that insinuates it selfe to their senses under the name of delight, imployes oft times manie thred bare witts, to emptie their inuention of their Apish deuices, and talke most superficiallie of Pollicie, as those that neuer ware gowne in the Vniuersitie; wherein they reuiue the olde saide Adage, Sus Mineruam, and cause the wiser to quippe them with Asinus ad Lyram. Would Gentlemen and riper iudgements admit my motion of moderation in a matter of folie. I wold perswade them to phisicke their faculties of seeing and hearing, as the Sabaans doo their dulled senses with smelling; who (as Strabo reporteth) ouer-cloyed with such odoriferous sauours, as the naturall encrease of their Countrey (Balsamum, Amomum, with Myrrhe and Frankencense) sends foorth, refresh their nosthrills with the vnsauorie sent of the pitchie slime, that Euphrates casts vp, and the contagious fumes of Goates beardes burnt; so woulde I haue them, being surfetted vnawares with the sweete sacietie of eloquence, which the lauish of our copious Language maie procure, to vse the remedie of contraries; and recreate their rebated witts, not as they did, with the senting of slyme or Goates beardes burnt, but with the ouer-seeing of that sublime dicendi genus, which walkes abroad for wast paper in each seruing mans pocket, and the otherwhile perusing of our Gothamists barbarisme; so shoulde the opposite comparison of Puritie, expell the infection of absurditie; and their ouer-rackte Rhethorique, bee the Ironicall recreation of the Reader.

But so farre discrepant is the idle vsage of our vnexperienst punies from this prescription, that a tale of Ihon a Brainfords will, and the vnluckie furmentie, wilbe as soon interteined into their libraries, as the best poeme that euer Tasso eternisht: which being the effect of an vndescerning iudgement, makes drosse as valuable as gold, and losse as welcome as gain, the Glowworme mentioned in Æsops fables, namelie the apes follie, to be mistaken for fire, when as God wot poore soules, they have nought but their toyle for their heate, their paines for their sweate, and (to bring it to our english proverbe) their labour for their travaile. Wherin I can but resemble them to the Panther, who is so greedie of mens excrements; that if they be hangd vp in a vessell higher than his reach, he sooner killeth himselfe with the over-stretching of his windlesse bodie, than he wil cease from his intended enterprise.

Oft haue I observed what I now set downe; a secular wit that hath lived all daies of his life by what doo you lacke, to bee more indiciall in matters of conceit, than our quadrant crepundios, that spit ergo in the mouth of everie one they meete: yet those and these are so affectionate to dogged detracting, as the most poysonous Pasquil, anie durtie mouthed Martin, or Momus ever composed, is gathered vp with greecinesse before it fall to the ground, and bought at the deerest though they smell of the friplers lavander halfe a yeere after: for I

know not how the minde of the meanest is fedde with this follie, that they impute singularitie to him that slanders priuelie, and count it a great peece of arte in an inkhorne man, in anie tapsterlie tearmes whatsoeuer, to oppose his superiours to enuie. I will not denie but in scholler-like matters of controuersie, a quicker stile may passe as commendable; and that a quippe to an asse is as good as a goad to an oxe: but when an irregular idiot, that was vp to the eares in divinitie, before euer he met with probabile in the Vniuersitie, shall leaue pro et contra before he can scarcely pronounce it, and come to correct Common weales, that neuer heard of the name of Magistrate before he came to Cambridge, it is no meruaile if euery alehouse vaunt the table of the world turned vpside down; since the childe beats his father, and

the asse whippes his master.

But least I might seeme with these night crowes, Nimis curiosus in aliena republica, I'le turne backe to my first text. of studies of delight; and talke a little in friendship with a few of our triviall translators. It is a common practise now a daies amongst a sort of shifting companions, that runne through euery arte and thriue by none, to leaue the trade of Nouerint whereto they were borne, and busie themselues with the indeuors of Art, that could scarcelie latinize their necke-verse if they should have neede; yet English Seneca read by candle light yeeldes manie good sentences, as Bloud is a begger, and so foorth: and if you intreate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affoord you whole Hamlets, I should say handfulls of tragical speaches. But ô griefe! tempas edax rerum, what's that will last alwaies? The sea exhaled by droppes will in continuance be drie, and Seneca let bloud line by line and page by page, at length must needes die to our stage: which makes his famisht followers to imitate the Kidde in Æsop, who enamored with the Foxes newfangles, forsooke all hopes of life to leape into a new occupation; and these men renowncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations: wherein how poorelie they have plodded, (as those that are neither prouenzall men, nor are able to distinguish of Articles.) let all indifferent Gentlemen that have travailed in that tongue, discerne by their twopenie pamphlets: and no meruaile though their home-born mediocritie be such in this matter; for what can be hoped of those, that thrust Elisium into hell, and have not learned so long as they have liued in the spheares, the iust measure of the Horizon without an hexameter. Sufficeth them to bodge vp a blanke verse with ifs and ands, and other while for recreation after their candle stuffe, having starched their beardes most curiouslie, to make a peripateticall path into the inner parts of the Citie, and spend two or three howers in turning ouer French Doudie, where they attract more infection in one minute. than they can do eloquence all dayes of their life, by conversing with anie Authors of like argument.

But least in this declamatorie vaine, I should condemne all and commend none, I will propound to your learned imitation, those men of import, that haue laboured with credit in this laudable kinde of Translation; In the forefront of whom, I cannot but place that aged Father Erasmus, that inuested most of our Greeke Writers, in the roabes of the auncient Romaines; in whose traces, Philip Melancthon, Sadolet, Plantine, and manie other reuerent Germaines insisting, haue reedified the ruines of our decayed Libraries, and merueilouslie inriched the Latine tongue with the expence of their toyle.

Not long after, their emulation beeing transported into England, euerie private Scholler, William Turner, and who not, beganne to vaunt their smattering of Latine, in English Impressions. But amongst others in that Age, Sir Thomas Eliots elegance did sever it selfe from all equals, although

Sir Thomas Moore with his Comicall wit, at that instant was not altogether idle: yet was not Knowledge fullie confirmed in hir Monarchie amongst vs, till that most famous and fortunate Nurse of all learning, Saint Iohns in Cambridge, that at that time was as an Vniuersitie within it selfe; shining so farre aboue all other Houses, Halls, and Hospitalls whatsoeuer, that no Colledge in the Towne, was able to compare with the tythe of her Students; having (as I have hearde graue men of credite report) more candles light in it, euerie Winter Morning before fowre of the clocke, than the fowre of clocke bell gaue stroakes; till Shee (I saie) as a pittying Mother, put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitefull wombe, sufficient Schollers, both to support her owne weale, as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects, and namelie that royall erection of Trinitie Colledge, which the Vniuersitie Orator, in an Epistle to the Duke of Somerset, aptlie tearmed Colona diducta, from the Suburbes of Saint Iohns. In which extraordinarie conception, vno partu in rempublicam prodiere, the Exchequer of eloquence Sir Iohn Cheeke, a man of men, supernaturally traded in al tongues, Sir John Mason, Doctor Watson, Redman, Aschame, Grindall, Leuer, Pilkington: all which, haue either by their private readings, or publique workes, repurged the errors of Arts, expelde from their puritie, and set before our eyes, a more perfect Methode of Studie.

But howe ill their preceptes haue prospered with our idle Age, that leave the fountaines of sciences, to follow the rivers of Knowledge, their over-fraught Studies, with trifling Compendiaries maie testifie: for I knowe not howe it comes to passe, by the doating practise of our Divinitie dunces, that strive to make their Pupills pulpet men, before they are reconciled to *Priscian:* but those yeares, which shoulde bee employed in *Aristotle*, are expired in Epitomes; and well too, they maye have so much Catechisme vacation, to

rake vp a little refuse Philosophie. And heere could I enter into a large fielde of inuective, against our abject abbreuiations of Artes, were it not growen to a newe fashion amongst our Nation, to vaunt the pride of contraction in euerie manuarie action: in so much, that the Pater noster, which was woont to fill a sheete of paper, is written in the compasse of a pennie: whereupon one merelie affirmed, that prouerb to be deriued, No pennie, no pater noster; which their nice curtailing, puts me in mind of the custome of the Scythians, who if they be at any time distressed with famin. take in their girdles shorter, and swaddle themselues streighter, to the intent no vacuum beeing left in their intravles, hunger should not so much tirannize ouer their stomacks; euen so these men opprest with greater penurie of Art, do pound their capacitie in barren Compendiums, and bound their base humors, in the beggerly straites of a hungry Analysis, least longing after that infinitum which the pouertie of their conceit cannot compasse, they sooner yeeld vp their youth to destinie. than their heart to vnderstanding. How is it then, such bungling practitioners in principles, should ever profite the Common wealth by their negligent paines, who have no more cunning in Logique or Dialogue Latine, than appertains to the literall construction of either; neuerthelesse it is daily apparant to our domesticall eyes, that there is none so forward to publish their imperfections, either in the trade of glose or translations, as those that are more vnlearned than ignorance, and lesse conceiuing than infants.

Yet dare I not impute absurditie to all of that societie, though some of them have set their names to their simplicitie. Who ever my private opinion condemneth as faultie, Master Gascoigne is not to bee abridged of his deserved esteeme, who first beate the path to that perfection which our best Poets have aspired too since his departure [Gascoigne died in 1577]; whereto he did ascend by com-

T. Nash.] Summer, 1589.]

paring the Italian with the English, as Tullie did Græca cum Latinis. Neither was Master Turberuile the worst of his time, although in translating he attributed too much to the necessitie of rime. And in this page of praise, I cannot omit aged Arthur Golding, for his industrious toile in Englishing Ouids Metamorphosis, besides manie other exquisite editions of Diuinitie, turned by him out of the French tongue into our own. Master Phaer likewise is not to be forgot in regard of his famous Virgil, whose heauenly verse had it not bin blemisht by his hautie thoghts England might have long insulted in his wit, and corrigat qui potest haue been subscribed to his workes. But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master Stanihursts praise, would that Phaer shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, whateuer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his ragged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would have held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your judgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus

Then did he make, heavens vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing

Which strange language of the firmament neuer subject before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heavens moveings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasonical huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde eares, as would have affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master France by his excellent translation of Master Thomas Watsons sugred Amintas, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeuors.

But I knowe not how their overtimerous cowardise hath stoode in awe of enuie, that no man since him, durst imitate any of the worste of those Romane wonders in english. which makes me thinke that either the lovers of medocritie are verie many, or that the number of good Poets, are very small: and in trueth, (Master Watson except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almost any of late dayes that hath shewed himselfe singular in any speciall Latin Poëm. whose Amintas, and translated Antigone may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets. I will not say but wee had a Haddon [died 1572] whose pen would have challenged the Lawrell from Homer, together with Carre [died 1568], that came as nere him, as Virgil to Theocritus. But Tho, Newton with his Leyland and Gabriell Harney, with two or three other. is almost all the store, that is left vs at this hower. Epitaphers, and position Poets haue wee more than a good many, that swarme like Crowes to a dead carcas, but flie like Swallows in the VVinter, from any continuate subject of witte. The efficient whereof, I imagine to issue, from the vpstart discipline of our reformatorie Churchmen, who account wit vanitie, and poetrie impietie; whose error although the necessitie of Philosophie might confute, which lies couched most closely vnder darke fables profounditie, vet I had rather referre it, as a disputative plea to divines, than set it downe as a determinate position, in my vnexperienst opinion. But how euer their dissentious judgements, should decree in their afternoone sessions of an sit, the privat trueth of my discouered Creede in this controuersie is this, that as that beast, was thought scarce worthie to bee sacrifised to the Ægiptian Epaphus, who had not some or other blacke spotte on his skinne: so I deeme him farre vnworthie of the name of scholler, and so consequentlie, to sacrifice his endeuors to art, that is not a Poet, either in whole or in a parte. And here, peraduenture, some desperate quipper will canuaze

my proposed comparison plus vltra, reconciling the allusion of the blacke spot, to the blacke pot; which makes our Poets vndermeale Muses so mutinous, as euerie stanzo they pen after dinner, is full poynted with a stabbe. Which their dagger drunkennesse, although it might be excused with Tam Marti quam Mercurio, yet will I couer it as well as I may, with that prouerbial facundi calices, that might wel haue been doore keeper to the kanne of Silenus, when nodding on his Asse trapt with juie, hee made his moist nosecloth, the pausing intermedium, twixt euerie nappe. Let frugale scholares, and fine fingerd nouices, take their drinke by the ownce, and their wine by the halpe-[penny] worthes, but it is for a Poet, to examine the pottle pottes, and gage the bottome of whole gallons; qui bene vult ποιειν, debet ante πίνειν. A pot of blew burning ale, with a fierie flaming tost, is as good as Pallas with the nine Muses on Pernassus top: without the which, in vaine may they crie; ô thou my muse inspire mee with some pen, when they want certaine liquid sacrifice, to rouze her foorth her denne.

Pardon me Gentlemen, though somewhat merely I glaunce at their imoderate follie, who affirme that no man can write with conceit, except he takes counsell of the cup: nor would I have you thinke that Theonino dente, I arme my stile against all, since I doo knowe the moderation of many Gentlemen of that studie, to be so farre from infamie, as their verse from equalitie: whose sufficiencie, were it as well seene into, by those of higher place, as it wanders abroade vnrewarded, in the mouthes of vngratefull monsters, no doubte but the remembrance of Macenas liberalitie extended to Maro, and men of like qualitie, would have lefte no memorie to that prouerb of pouertie. Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras. Tut, saies our English Italians, the finest witts our Climate sends foorth, are but drie braind doltes, in comparison of other countries: whome if you interrupt with redde rationem, they will tell you of Petrache, Tasso, Celiano.

with an infinite number of others; to whome if I should oppose Chaucer, Lidgate, Gower, with such like, that lived vnder the tirranie of ignorance, I do think their best louers would bee much discontented, with the collation of contraries. if I should write ouer al their heads. Haile fellow well met. One thing I am sure of, that each of these three haue vaunted their meeters, with a much admiration in English as euer the proudest Ariosto did his verse in Italian. What should I come to our court, where the otherwhile vacations of our grauer Nobilitie, are prodigall of more pompous wit, and choyce of words, than euer tragick Tasso could attain too: but as for pastorall Poëmes, I will not make the comparison. least our countrimens credit should bee discountenanst by the contention, who although they cannot fare, with such inferior facilitie, yet I knowe would carrie the bucklers full easilie. from all forreine brauers, if their subjectum circa quod should sauor of any thing haughtie: and should the challenge of deepe conceit, be intruded by an forreiner, to bring our english wits, to the tutchstone of Arte, I would preferre divine Master Spencer, the miracle of wit to bandie line for line for my life, in the honor of England, gainst Spaine, France, Italie, and all the worlde. Neither is he, the only swallow of our summer, (although Apollo, if his Tribos were vp again would pronounce him his Socrates) but he being forborne, there are extant about London, many most able men, to reuiue Poetrie, though it were executed ten thousand times, as in Platos so in Puritanes common wealth; as for example Matthew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow. and George Peele, the first of whome, as hee hath shewed himselfe singular, in the immortall Epitaph of his beloued Astrophel, besides many other most absolute comicke inuentions (made more publique by euerie mans praise. than they can bee by my speache) so the second, hath more than once or twise manifested, his deepe witted schollership in places of credit; and for the last, thogh not the least of them all, I dare commend him to all that know him, as the chiefe supporter of pleasance nowe living, the Atlas of Poetrie, and primus verborum Artifex: whose first encrease, the Arraignement of Paris, might plead to your opinions, his pregnant dexteritie of wit, and manifold varietie of invention; wherein (me iudice) hee goeth a step beyond all that write. Sundrie other sweete Gentlemen I know, that have vaunted their pens in private devices, and trickt vp a companie of taffata fooles with their feathers, whose beautie if our Poets had not peecte [pecked] with the supply of their periwigs, they might have antickt it vntill this time vp and downe the countrey with the King of Fairies, and dinde [dined] euerie daie at the pease porredge ordinarie with Delphrigus. But Tolossa hath forgot that it was sometime sackt, and beggers that euer they caried their fardles on footback: and in truth no meruaile, when as the deserued reputation of one Roscius, is of force to inrich a rabble of counterfets; yet let subjects for all their insolence, dedicate a De profundis euerie morning to the preservation of their Casar, least their encreasing indignities returne them ere long to their juggling to mediocrity, and they bewaile in weeping blankes the wane of their Monarchie.

As Poetrie hath beene honoured in those her forenamed professours, so it hath not beene any whit disparaged by William Warners absolute Albions. And heere Authoritie hath made a full point: in whose reuerence insisting I cease to expose to your sport the picture of those Pamphleters and Poets, that make a patrimonie of In speech, and more than a younger brothers inheritance of their Abcie.

Reade fauourably, to incourage me in the firstlings of my folly, and perswade your selues, I will persecute those idiots and their heires vnto the third generation, that have made Art bankerout of her ornaments, and sent Poetry a begging

vp and downe the Countrey. It may be, my Anatomie of Absurdities may acquaint you ere long with my skill in surgery, wherein the diseases of Art more merrily discouered may make our maimed Poets put together their blankes vnto the building of an Hospitall.

If you chance to meete it in *Paules*, shaped in a new suite of similitudes, as if, like the eloquent apprentice of *Plutarch* it were propped at seuen yeares end in double apparell, thinke his master hath fulfilled couenants, and onely

cancelled the Indentures of dutie. If I please, I will thinke my ignorance indebted vnto you that applaud it: if not, what rests, but that I be excluded from your curtesie, like Apocrypha from your Bibles?

How euer, yours euer.

Thomas Nash.



# In laudem Authoris, Distichon amoris.

Elicious words, the life of wanton wit,

That doo enspire our soules with sweete content;

Why have your father Hermes thought it fit

My eyes should surfet by my hearts consent?

Full twentie Summers haue I fading seene,
And twentie Floras in their golden guise:
Yet neuer viewd I such a pleasant Greene
As this, whose garnisht gleades, compare denies.

Of all the flowers a Lillie one I lou'd,
Whose labouring beautie brancht it selfe abroade;
But now old age his glorie hath remoud,
And Greener obiects are my eyes aboade.

No countrey to the downes of Arcadie,

Where Aganippes euer springing wells

Doo moyst the meades with bubling melodie;

And makes me muse, what more in Delos dwelles;

There feeds our Menaphons celestiall Muse, There makes his pipe his pastorall reporte; Which strained now a note aboue his vse, Foretels, he'le nere more chaunt of Choas sporte.

Reade all that list, and reade till you mislike;
Condemne who can, so enuie be no iudge:
No reede can swell more higher, lesse it shrike.
Robin thou hast done well, care not who grudge.

HENRIE VPCHEAR Gentleman.

# Thomas Brabine Gent. in praise of the Author.

Ome foorth you witts that vaunt the pompe of speach,
And strive to thunder from a Stage-mans throate:
View Menaphon a note beyond your reach; [doate:
Whose sight will make your drumming descant
Players awant, you know not to delight;
Welcome sweete Shepheard; worth a Schollers sight.

Smirna is drie, and Helicon exhal'd

Caballian founts have left their springing sourse,

Parnassus with his Lawrell stands appal'd;

And yet His Muse keepes on her wonted course:

Wonted said J? I wrong his paines too much,

Since that his pen before brought foorth none such.

One writes of love, and wanders in the aire;
Another stands on tearmes of trees and stones:
When heavens compare yeeldes but the praise of faire,
And christall can describe but flesh and bones:
Yet countrey swaynes, whose thoughts are faith and troth,
Will shape sweete words of wooll and russet cloth.

Mongst whom if I my Tityrus should chuse,
Whose warbling tunes might wanton out my woes;
To none more oftner would my solace vse;
Than to his Pastoralls their mortall foes.
Sweete verse, sweete prose, how have you pleased my vaine?
Be thou still Greene, whiles others glorie waine.

Finis.



### Arcadia.

# The reports of the Shepheards.



Fter that the wrath of mightie *Ioue* had wrapt *Arcadia* with noysome pestilence, in so much that the ayre yeelding preiudiciall sauors, seemd to be peremptory in some fatall resolution. *Democles* soueraigne and King of that famous Continent pitying the sinister accidents of his people, being a man as just in his censures as

royall in his possessions, as carefull for the weale of his countrey, as the continuance of his diadem, thinking that vnpeopled Cities were Corasiues to Princes conscience, that the strength of his subjects was the sinnews of his dominions, and that euery crowne must conteyne a care, not onely to winne honour by forrayne conquests, but in mainteining dignitie with ciuill and domestical insights: Democles grounding his arguments vpon these premisses, coueting to be counted Pater Patria, calling a Parliament together, whether all his Nobilitie incited by summons made their repaire, elected two of his chiefe Lordes to passe vnto Delphos, at Apollos Oracle

to heare the fatall sentence, either of their future miserie or

present remedie.

They having their charge, posting from Arcadia to the Tripos where Pithia sate, the sacred Nymph that delivered out Apollos Dylonimas, offering as their manner is their orizons and presents, as wel to intreate by deuotion, as to perswade by bountie, they had returned from Apollo this doome.

When Neptune riding on the Southerne seas shall from the bosome of his Lemman yeeld Th'arcadian wonder, men and Gods to please: Plentie in pride shall march amidst the field, Dead men shall warre, and vnborne babes shall frowne, And with their fawchens hew their foemen downe. When Lambes haue Lions for their surest guide, and Planets rest vpon th'arcadian hills: When swelling seas haue neither ebbe nor tide, When equall bankes the Ocean margine fills. Then looke Arcadians for a happie time, And sweete content within your troubled Clyme.

No sooner had Pithia deliuered this scroll to the Lordes of Arcadie, but they departed and brought it to Democles, who causing the oracle to be read amongst his distressed commons, found the Delphian censure more full of doubts to amaze, than fraught with hope to comfort; thinking rather that the angrie God sent a peremptorie presage of ruine, than a probable ambiguitie to applaud any hope of remedie: yet loath to haue his carefull subjects fall into the balefull laborinth of despaire, Democles began to discourse vnto them, that the interpreters of Apollos secretes, were not the conceipts of humane reason, but the successe of long expected euents; that Comets did protend at the first blaze, but tooke effect in the dated bosome of the destinies; that oracles were foretold at the Delphian Caue, but were shapte out and finished in the Counsell house.

With such perswasiue arguments Democles appeased the distressed thoughtes of his doubtful countrimen, and com-

manded by proclamation that no man should prie into the quiddities of Apollos answere, least sundrie censures of his divine secrecie, should trouble Arcadia with some sodaine mutinie. The King thus smoothing the heate of his cares, rested a melancholy man in his Courts; hiding vnder his head the double faced figure of Ianus, as well to cleare the skies of other mens conceiptes with smiles, as to furnish out his owne dumps with thoughts. But as other beasts levell their lookes at the countenance of the Lion, and birdes make wing as the Eagle flyes: so Regis ad arbitrium totus componitur orbis: the people were measured by the minde of the souereigne, and what stormes soeuer they smoothed in private conceipt, yet they made haye, and cried holiday in outward appearance: insomuch that everie man repaired to his owne home, and fell either vnto pleasures or

labours, as their living or content allowed them.

Whiles thus Arcadia rested in a silent quiet, Menaphon the Kings Shepheard, a man of high account among the Swaines of Arcadie, loued of the Nymphes, as the paragon of all their countrey youngsters, walking solitarie downe to the shore, to see if any of his ewes and lambes were straggled downe to the strond to brouse on sea iuie, wherfore they take speciall delight to feede; he found his flockes grazing vpon the Promontorie Mountaines hardlie: whereon resting himselfe on a hill that ouer-peered the great Mediterraneum, noting how Phabus fetched his Laualtos on the purple Plaines of Neptunus, as if he had meant to have courted Thetis in the royaltie of his roabes: the Dolphines (the sweete conceipters of Musicke) fetcht their carréers on the calmed waves, as if Arion had touched the stringes of his siluer sounding instrument: the Mermaides thrusting their heades from the bosome of Amphitrite, sate on the mounting bankes of Neptune, drying their waterie tresses in the Sunne beames: Rolus forbare to throwe abroad his gustes on the slumbering browes of the Sea God, as giving Triton leave to pleasure his Queene with desired melodie, and Proteus libertie to followe his flockes without disquiet.

Menaphon looking ouer the champion of Arcadie to see if the Continent were as full of smiles, as the seas were of fauours, sawe the shrubbes as in a dreame with delightfull harmonie, and the birdes that chaunted on their braunches not disturbed with the least breath of a fauourable Zephirus. Seeing thus the accord of the Land and Sea, casting a fresh gaze on the water Nimphs, he began to consider how Venus was feigned by the Poets to spring of the froathe of the Seas; which draue him straight into a deepe coniecture of the inconstancie of Loue: that as if Luna were his load-starre, had euerie minute ebbes and tides, sometime ouerflowing the banks of Fortune with a gracious look lightened from the eyes of a fauorable louer, otherwhiles ebbing to the dangerous shelfe of despaire, with the piercing frowne of a froward Mistresse. Menaphon in this browne studie, calling to minde certaine Aphorismes that Auarreon had pend downe as principles of loues follies, being as deepe an enemy to fancie as Narcissus was to affection, began thus to scoffe at Venus Deitie.

Menaphon thy mindes fauours, are greater than thy wealths fortunes, thy thoughtes higher than thy birth, and thy private conceipt better than thy publique esteeme. Thou art a shepheard Menaphon, who in feeding of thy flockes, findest out natures secrecie, and in preuenting thy lambes preiudice conceiptest the Astronomicall motions of the heavens: holding thy sheep-walkes to yeeld as great Philosophie, as the Ancients discourse in their learned Academies. Thou countest labour as the Indians doo their Chrisocolla wherwith they trie euerie mettall, and thou examine euerie action. Content sitteth in thy minde as Neptune in his Sea-throne, who with his trident mace appeaseth euerie storme. When thou seest the heavens frowne thou thinkest on thy faults, and a cleere skie putteth thee in minde of grace; the summers glorie tels thee of youths vanitie, the winters parched leaves of ages declining weaknes. Thus in a myrrour thou measurest thy deedes with equall and considerate motions, and by being a shepheard findest that which Kings want in their royalties. Enuie ouerlooketh thee, renting with the windes the Pine trees of Ida, when the Affrick shrubs wave not a leafe with the tempestes. Thine eyes are vaylde with content that thou canst not gaze so high as ambition; and for loue. And with that, in naming of loue, the shepheard fell into a great laughter. Loue Menaphon, why of all follies that euer Poets fained, or men euer faulted with, this foolish imagination of loue is the greatest: Venus for sooth for her wanton escapes must be a Goddesse, and her bastard a Deitie: Cupide must be yong and euer a boy to prooue that loue is fond and witlesse, wings to make him inconstant, and arrowes whereby to shew him feareful: blinde (or all were not worth a pinne) to prooue that Cupides levell is both without aime and reason: thus is the God, and such are his Votaries. As soone as our shepheards of Arcadie fettle themselues to fancie, and weare the characters of Venus stampte in their forheads, straight their attire must bee quaint, their lookes full of amours, as their Gods quiver is full of arrowes; their eyes holding smiles and teares, to leape out at their Mistres fauoures or her frownes; sighes must flie as figures of their thoughts, and euerie wrinckle must be tempred with a passion; thus suted in outward proportion, and made excellent in inward constitution, they straight repaire to take viewe of their Mistres beautie. She as one observant vnto Venus principles, first tieth loue in her tresses, and wraps affection in the tramels of her haire; snaring our swains in her locks as Mars in the net, holding in her forhead Fortunes Calender, either to assigne dismal influence, or some fauourable aspect. If a wrinckle appeare in her brow, then our shepheard must put on his working day face, and frame nought but dolefull Madrigalls of sorrowe; if a dimple grace her cheeke, the heauens cannot prooue fatal to our kinde hearted louers; if she seeme coy, then poemes of death mounted vppon deepe drawne sighes, flie from their master to sue for some fauour, alledging how death at the least may date his miserie: to be briefe, as vppon the shoares of Lapanthe the winds continue neuer one day in one quarter, so the thoughtes of a louer neuer continue scarce a minute in one passion; but as Fortunes globe, so is fancies seate variable and inconstant. If louers sorrowes then be like Sisiphus turmoyles, and their fauours like honnie bought with gall; let poore Menaphon then live at labour, and make esteeme of Venus as of Mars his concubine; and as the Cimbrians hold their idols in account but in eueric tempest, so make Cupide a God, but when thou art ouer-pained with passions, and that Menaphon wil neuer loue. for as long as thou temperest thy handes with labours, thou canst not fetter thy thoughts with loues.

And in this Satyricall humor smiling at his owne conceipts, hee tooke his pipe in his hand, and betweene euerie report of

his instrument sung a stanzo to this effect.

## MENAPHONS Song.



26

Ome say Loue Foolish Loue

Doth rule and gouerne all the Gods,

I say Loue,

Inconstant Loue,

Sets mens senses farre at ods.

Some sweare Loue

Smooth'd face Loue

Is sweetest sweete that men can have:

I say Loue,

Sower Loue

Makes vertue yeeld as beauties slaue.

A bitter sweete, a follie worst of all
That forceth wisedome to be follies thrall.

Loue is sweete.

Wherein sweete?

In fading pleasures that doo paine.

Beautie sweete.

Is that sweete

That yeeldeth sorrow for a gaine?

If Loues sweete

Heerein sweete

That minutes ioyes are monthlie woes.

Tis not sweete,

That is sweete

Nowhere, but where repentance growes. Then love who list if beautic be so sower: Labour for me, Love rest in Princes bower.

Menaphon having ended his roundelay, rising vp, thinking to passe from the mountaine downe to the valley, casting his eye to the sea side, espied certain fragments of a broken ship floating vpon the waves, and sundrie persons driven vpon R. Greene. Aug. 1589.

the shore with a calme, walking all wet and weary vpon the sands. Wondring at this strange sight he stood amazed; yet desirous to see the euent of this accident, he shrowded himself to rest vnespied til he might perceiue what would happen: at last he might descrie it was a woman holding a childe in her armes, and an olde man directing her as it were

her guide.

These three (as distressed wrackes) preserued by some further forepoynting fate, coueted to clime the mountaine, the better to vse the fauor of the Sunne to drie their drenched apparaile; at last crawled vp where poore Menaphon lay close, and resting them vnder a bush, the old man did nothing but sende out sighes, and the woman ceased not from streaming foorth riuolets of teares, that hung on her cheekes like the droppes of pearled deaw vppon the riches of Flora. The poore babe was the touch-stone of his mothers passions; for when he smiled and lay laughing in hir lappe, were her heart neuer so deeply ouercharged with her present sorrowes; yet kissing the pretie infant, shee lightened out smiles from those cheekes that were furrowed with continual sources of teares; but if he cried, then sighes as smokes, and sobbes as thundercracks, foreranne those showers, that with redoubled distresse distilled from her eyes: thus with pretie inconstant passions trimming vp her babie, and at last to lull him a sleepe, she warbled out of her wofull breast this dittie.

#### SEPHESTIAS SONG TO HER CHILDE.

Eepe not my wanton! smile vpon my knee! When thou art olde, ther's grief inough for thee!

Mothers wagge, pretie boy. Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy. When thy father first did see Such a boy by him and mee, He was glad, J was woe. Fortune changde made him so, When he left his pretie boy, Last his sorowe, first his ioy.

Weepe not my wanton! smile vpon my knee! When thou art olde, ther's griefe inough for thee!

Streaming teares that neuer stint,
Like pearle drops from a flint,
Fell by course from his eyes,
That one anothers place supplies:
Thus he grieud in euerie part,
Teares of bloud fell from his hart,
When he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorrow, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton! smile vpon my knee! When thou art olde, ther's griefe inough for thee!

The wanton smilde, father wept;
Mother cride, babie lept:
More he crowde, more we cride;
Nature could not sorowe hide.
He must goe, he must kisse
Childe and mother, babie blisse:
For he left his pretie boy,
Fathers sorowe, fathers ioy.

Weepe not my wanton! smile vpon my knee! When thou art olde, ther's grief inough for thee!

With this lullaby the babie fell a sleepe, and Sephestia laying it vpon the greene grasse couered it with a mantle, and then leaning her head on her hand, and her elbow on her lap she fell a fresh to poure foorth abundaunce of plaintes, which Lamedon the old man espying, although in his face appeared the mappe of discontent, and in euerie wrinckle was a catalogue of woes, yet to cheere vp Sephestia, shrowding his inward sorrow with an outward smile, he began to comfort her in his manner.

Schhestia, thou seest no Phisick preuailes against the gaze of the Basilisckes, no charme against the sting of the Tarantula, no preuention to diuert the decree of the Fates, nor no meanes to recall backe the balefull hurt of Fortune: Incurable

sores are without Auicens Aphorismes, and therefore no salue for them but patience. Then my Sephestia sith thy fal his high, and fortune low; thy sorrowes great, and thy hope little: seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all thy rest vppon this, Solamen miseris, socios habuisse doloris. Chaunce is like Ianus double faced, as well full of smiles to comfort, as of frownes to dismay: the Ocean at his deadest ebbe returns to a full tide; when the Eagle meanes to soare highest, hee raiseth his flight in the lowest dales: so fareth it with fortune who in her highest extreames is most vnconstant: when the tempest of her wrath is most fearfull, then looke for a calme; when she beates thee with nettle, then thinke she will strewe thee with roses; when shee is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigall Sephestia. Thus are the arrowes of Fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird Halcione, that changeth colours with the Moone, which howsoeuer she shootes them pierce not so deepe but they may bee cured. But Sephestia thou art daughter to a King, exiled by him from the hope of a crowne, banisht from the pleasures of the Court to the painfull fortunes of the countrey, parted for loue from him thou canst not but loue, from Maximus, Sephestia, who for thee hath suffered so many disfauors, as either discontent or death can affoord. What of all this, is not hope the daughter of time? Haue not starres their fauourable aspects, as they have froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturne? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as farre as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee, Sephestia, Iuno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the Destinies; whom melancholie Saturne deposeth from a Crowne, she mildlie aduanceth to a Diadem: then feare not, for if the mother liue in miserie, yet hath she a scepter for the sonne: let the vnkindnesse of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of Maximus be supplied with the presence of his pretie babe, who beeing too young for Fortune, lies smiling on thy knee and laughs at Fortune: learne by him Sephestia to vse patience, which is like the balme in the Vale of Iehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deepe, but it cureth: thou seest alreadie Fortune begins to change her hiew, for after the great storme that rent our shippe, we found a calme that brought vs safe to shore; the mercie of Neptune was more than the enuie of *Eolus*, and the discurtesie of thy father is proportioned with the fauour of the Gods. Thus *Sephestia* being copartner of thy miserie, yet do I seeke to allay thy martyrdome: beeing sicke to my selfe, yet do I play the Phisition to thee, wishing thou maist beare thy sorrowes with as much content, as I brooke my misfortunes with patience.

As hee was readie to goe forwarde with his perswasiue argument, Sephestia fetching a deepe sigh, filling her tender

eyes with teares, made this replie.

Sweete Lamedon, once partner of my royalties, now partaker of my wants, as constant in his extreame distresse, as faithfull in higher fortunes: the Turtle pearketh not on barren trees, Doues delight not in foule cottages, the Lyon frequents not putrified haunts, friends followe not after pouertie, nor hath sinister chance anie drugges from the Phisitians, Nullus ad amissas ibit amicus opes: and yet Lamedon the misfortune of Sephestia abridgeth not our olde contracted amitie, thou temperest her exyle with thy banishment, and she sayling to Styx, thou ferriest ouer to Phlegeton: then Lamedon, saying as Andromache sayd to Hector, Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris. Thy aged yeres shalbe the calender of my fortunes, and thy gray haires the Paralells of mine actions. If Lamedon perswade Sephestia to content, Portia shall not exceede Sephestia in patience; if he will her to keepe a low sayle, she will vayle al her sheete; if to forget her loues, shee will quench them with labours; if to accuse Venus as a foe, I will hate Cupide as an enemie: and seeing the Destinies hauedriuen thee from a crowne, I will rest satisfied with the Countrey, placing all my delights in honouring thee, and nursing vp my pretie wanton. I will imagine a small cotage to [be] a spacious pallaice, and thinke as great quiet in a russet coate, as in royall habilliments: Sephestia, Lamedon, will not scorne with Iuno to turne hir self into the shape of Semeles nurse, but, vnknowne, rest carelesse of my fortunes: the hope of times returne shal be the ende of my thoughts, the smiles of my sonne shall bee the nourishment of my hart. and the course of his youth shall be the comfort of my yeres; euerie laughter that leapes from his lookes, shall be the holiday of my conceiptes; and euerie teare shall furnish out my greeues, and his fathers funerals. I have heard them

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say, Lamedon, that the lowest shrubbes feele the least tempests, that in the valleis of Affrica is heard no thunder, that in countrey roomes is greatest rest, and in little wealth the the least disquiet: dignitie treadeth vpon glasse, and honour is like to the hearbe Synara, that when it bloometh most gorgeous, then it blasteth: Aulica vita splendida miseria. Courts haue golden dreames, but cotages sweet slumbres: then, Lamedon, will I disguise my self, with my cloathes I will change my thoughts; for being poorelie attired I will be meanelie minded, and measure my actions by my present estate, not by former fortunes. In saying this the babe awakte and cride, and she fell to teares mixed with a lullabie.

All this while Menaphon sate amongst the shrubs fixing his eyes on the glorious object of her face, hee noted her tresses, which hee compared to the coloured Hiacinth of Arcadia, her browes to the mountaine snowes that lie on the hils, her eyes to the gray glister of Titans gorgeous mantle, her alabaster necke to the whitenesse of his flockes, her teates to pearle, her face to borders of Lillies interseamed with Roses: to be briefe our shepheard Menaphon, that heeretofore was an Atheist to loue, and as the Thessalian of Bacchus, so hee a contemner of Venus, was nowe by the wylie shaft of Cupid so intangled in the perfection and beauteous excellence of Sephestia; as now he swore no benigne Planet but Venus, no God but Cupide, nor exquisite deitie but Loue. Being thus fettered with the pliant perswasions of fancie, impatient in his newe affections, as the horse that neuer before felt the spurre, he could not bridle his new conceaued amors, but watching when they shoulde depart, perceiuing by the gestures of the olde man, and the teares of the Gentlewoman that they were distrest, thought to offer anie helpe that laie within the compasse of his abilitie.

As thus he mused in his new passions, Lamedon and Sephestia rose vp, and resolued to take their course which way the winde blew; passing so downe the mountaine to goe seeke out some towne, at last they pacing softlie on, Lamedon, espied Menaphon: desirous therefore to know the course of

the countrey, hee saluted him thus.

Shepheard, for so farre thy attire warrants me; courteous, for so much thy countenance imports: if distressed persons whom Fortune hath wronged, and the seas haue fauored, (if

we may count it fauour to liue and want) may without offence craue so farre ayde as to know some place where to rest our wearie and weather-beaten bones, your charges shall be paid, and you haue for recompence such thankes as

Fortunes outlawes may yeeld to their fauourers.

Menaphon hearing him speak so grauelie, but not fitting his eare to his eye, stood staring still on Sephestias face, which shee perceiuing, flashed out such a blush from her alabaster cheeks that they lookt like the ruddre gates of the Morning: this sweete bashfulnesse amazing Menaphon, at last hee began thus to answere.

Strangers, your degree I know not, therefore pardon if I giue lesse title than your estates merit: Fortunes frownes are Princes fortunes, and Kings are subject to chance and destinie. Mishap is to be salued with pitie, not scorne: and we that are Fortunes darlings, are bounde to relieue them that are distrest: therefore follow me, and you shal have such

succour, as a shepheard may afford.

Lamedon and Sephestia were passing glad, and Menaphon led the way, not content onelie to feed his sight with the beautie of his new Mistres, but thought also to inferre some occasion of parley, to heare whether her voyce were as melodious, as her face beautiful, hee therefore prosecuted his prattle thus.

Gentlewoman, when first I saw you sitting vpon the Arcadian Promontorie with your babie on your lappe, and this old father by; I thought I had seene Venus with Cupide on her knee courted by Anchises of Troy: the excellence of your looks could discouer no less than Mars his paramour, and the beautie of the childe as much as the dignitie of her wanton: at last perceiuing by your teares and your childs shrikes, that ye were passengers distrest, I lent you sighes to partake your sorrowes, and luke warme drops to signifie how I pitie ouercharged persons, in lieu whereof let mee craue your name, countrey, and parentage.

Sephestia seeing by the shepheards passionate lookes, that the swain was halfe in loue, replyed thus; Curteous shepheard, if my blubbered cheekes did look like Venus at a blush, it was when the woful Goddesse wept for her faire Adonis, my boye is no Cupide but the sonne of care, Fortunes fondling in his youth, to bee I hope her darling in his age:

in that your lookes saw our griefe, and your thoughts pitied our woes, our tongues shal give thanks (the bountie of sorrowes tenants) and our hearts praye that the Gods may be as friendly to your flockes, as you favourable to vs. My name is Samela, my countrey Cipres, my parentage meane, the wife of a poore Gentleman nowe deceased: how we arrived here by shipwrack, gentle shepheard inquire not, least it be tedious for thee to heare it, and a double griefe for mee to rehearse it.

The shepheard not daring to displease his Mistres, as having loues threates hanging on her lippes, he conveighed them home to his house: as soone as they were arrived there, he

began at the dore to entertain them thus.

Faire Mistres the flower of all our Nymphes that liue heere in Arcadia, this is my cotage wherein I liue content, and your lodging, where (please it you) ye may rest quiet. I have not rich cloathes of Ægypt to cover the walls, nor store of plate to discover anie wealth; for shepheards vse neither to be proud nor covetous: you shall find heere cheese and milke for dainties, and wooll for cloathing; in everie corner of the house Content sitting smiling, and tempering everie homelie thing with a welcome: this if ye can brooke and accept of, (as Gods allow the meanest hospitalitie) ye shall have such welcome and fare as Philemon and Baucis gave to Iupiter.

Sephestia thankt him heartelie, and going into his house found what he promist: after that they had sate a little by the fire and were well warmed, they went to supper, where Sephestia fedde well, as one whom the sea had made hungrie, and Lamedon so plide his teeth, that all supper he spake not one word: after they had taken their repast, Menaphon, seeing they were wearie, and that sleepe chimed on to rest, he let them see their lodging, and so gaue them the good

night.

Lamedon on his flocke bedde, and Sephestia on her countrey couch were so wearie, that they slept well: but Menaphon, poore Menaphon neither asked his swaynes for his sheepe, nor tooke his mole-spade on his necke to see his pastures; but as a man pained with a thousand passions, drenched in distresse, and ouerwhelmed with a multitude of vncouth cares, he sate like the pictures that Perseus tourned with his Gorgons head into stones. His sister Carmela kept his house,

(for so was the Countrey wench called) and shee seeing her brother sit so malcontented, stept to her cupboorde and fetcht a little beaten spice in an olde bladder, she sparde no euening milke, but went amongst the cream bowles, and made him a posset. But alas, Loue had so lockt vp the shepheards stomacke, that none would down with Menaphon: Carmela seeing her brother refuse his spicte drinke, thought all was not well, and therefore sate downe and went: to be short, she blubbered and he sightht, and his men that came in and sawe their master with a kercher on his head mournde: so that amongst these swaines there was such melodie, that Menaphon tooke his bow and arrowes and went to bedde: where casting himselfe, he thought to have beguiled his passions with some sweete slumbers. Loue that smiled at his newe interteined champion, sitting on his beddes head, prickt him forward with new desires: charging Morpheus, Phobetor, and Icolon, the Gods of sleepe, to present vnto his closed eies the singular beautie and rare perfections of Samela: (for so will we now call her) in that the Idea of her excellence, forst him to breath out scalding sighes smothered within the fornace of his thoughts, which grew into this or the like passion.

I had thought, Menaphon, that he which weareth the bay leafe had been free from lightening, and the Eagles penne a preservative against thunder; that labour had been enemie to loue, and the eschewing of idlenesse an Antidote against fancie: but I see by proofe there is no adamant so harde, but the blood of a Goate will make soft; no fort so wel defenced. but strong batterie will enter; nor anie hart so pliant to restlesse labours, but inchantments of loue will ouercome. Unfortunate Menaphon, that a late thoughtst Venus a strumpet and her sonne a bastard, now must thou offer incense at her shrine, and sweare Cupide no lesse than a God: thou hast reason Menaphon; for hee that lives without love, lives without life; presuming as Narcissus to hate all, and beeing like him at length despised of all. Can there bee a sweeter blisse than beautie, a greater heaven than her heavenly perfections that is mistres of thy thoughts? If the sparkle of her eyes appeare in the night, the starres blush at her brightnesse: if her haire glister in the daye, Phæbus puts off his wreath of diamonds, as ouercome with the shine of her tresses; if she walke in the fields, Flora seeing her face, bids al her glorious flowers close themselues, as being by her beautie disgraced; if her alabaster necke appeere, then Hiems couereth his snowe, as surpassed in whitenesse. To be shorte, Menaphon, if Samela had appeared in Ida, Iuno for maiestie, Pallas for wisedome, and Venus for beautie had let my Samela haue the supremacie: why shouldest thou not then loue, and thinke there is no life to loue, seeing the end of loue is the possession of such a heauenly Paragon? But what of this, Menaphon, hast thou anie hope to enjoy her person, she is a widdow, true, but too high for thy fortunes; she is in distresse, ah, Menaphon, if thou hast anie sparke of comfort, this must set thy hope on fire. Want is the load stone of affection, distresse forceth deeper than Fortunes frownes, and such as are poore will rather loue than want reliefe, fortunes frownes are whetstones to fancie: and as the horse starteth at the spurre, so loue is prickt forward with distresse. Samela is shipwrackt, Menaphon relieues her; she wants, he supplies with wealth; he sues for loue, either must she grant, or buy deniall with perpetuall repentance.

In this hope rested the poore shephearde, and with that Menaphon laide his head downe on the pillow and toke a sound

nappe, sleeping out fancie, with a good slumber.

As soone as the sunne appeared the shepheard got him vp and fed fat with this hope, went merely with his men to the foldes, and there letting foorth his sheepe, after that hee had appointed where they should graze, returned home, and looking when his guests should rise, hauing supt il the last night went roundly to his breakfast; by that time he had ended his desiune [i.e. dejeuné], Lamedon was gotten vp, and so was Samela. Against their rising, Carmela had showen her cookerie, and Menaphon tired in his russet iacket, his redde sleeues of chamlet, his blew bonnet, and his round slop of countrey cloth, bestirred him, as euerie ioynt had been set to a sundrie office. Samela no sooner came out of her chamber, but Menaphon as one that claimed pitie for his passions, bad her good morrow with a firme louers looke: Samela knowing the fowle by the feather, was able to cast his disease without his water, perceived that Cupide had caught the poore shepheard in his net, and vnles he sought quickly to break out of the snare would make him a tame foole: faire lookes she gaue him, and with a smiling sorow discouered how she grieued at his misfortune, and yet fauoured him. Well, to breakfast they went. Lamedon and Samela fed hard, but Menaphon like the Argiue in the Date gardens of Arabia, liued with the contemplation of his Mistres beautie: the Salamander liueth not without the fire, the Herring from the water, the Mole from the earth, nor the Cameleon from the aire, nor coulde Menaphon liue from the sight of his Samela; whose breath was perfumed aire, whose eyes were fire wherein he delighted to dallie, whose heart the earthlie Paradice wherein hee desired to ingraffe the essence of his loue and affection: thus did the poore shepheard bathe in a kinde of blisse, whiles his eyes feeding on his mistres face, did surfet with the excellencie of her perfection.

So long he gazde, that at length breakfast was ended, and he desirous to doo her anie seruice, first put her childe to nurse, and then led her forth to see his folds; thinking with the sight of his flockes to inueigle her, whose minde had rather haue chosen anie misfortune, than haue deigned her eyes on the face and feature of so lowe a peasant. Well, abroad they went, Menaphon with his sheephooke fringed with cruell, to signifie he was chiefe of the swaynes, Lamedon and Samela after: plodding thus ouer the greene fields, at last they came to the mountains where Menaphons flockes grazed,

and there he discoursed to Samela thus:

I tell thee, faire Nymph, these Plaines that thou seest stretching Southward, are pastures belonging to Menaphon: there growes the cintfoyle, and the hyacinth, the cowsloppe, the primrose, and the violet, which my flockes shall spare for flowers to make thee garlands, the milke of my ewes shall be meate for thy pretie wanton, the wool of the fat weathers that seemes as fine as the fleece that Iason fet from Colchos, shall serue to make Sanela webbes withall; the mountaine tops shall be thy mornings walke, and the shadie valleies thy euenings arbour: as much as Menaphon owes [owns] shall be at Samelas command, if she like to liue with Menaphon.

This was spoken with such deepe effects, that Samela could scarce keepe her from smiling, yet she couered her conceipt with a sorrowful countenance, which Menaphon espying, to make her merrie, and rather for his own aduantage, seeing Lamedon was a sleepe, tooke her by the hand and sate downe,

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and pulling foorth his pipe, began, after some melodie, to carroll out this roundelay.

#### MENAPHONS ROUNDELAY.



Hen tender ewes brought home with evening Sunne Wend to their foldes, And to their holdes The shepheards trudge when light of day is done. Upon a tree The Eagle, Ioues faire bird, did pearch,

There resteth hee.

A little flie his harbor then did search, And did presume (though others laught thereat) To pearch whereas the princelie Eagle sat.

The Eagle frownd, and shooke her royall wings, And chargde the Flie From thence to hie: A fraid in hast the little creature flings, Yet seekes againe, Fearfull, to pearke him by the Eagles side. With moodie vaine The speedie post of Ganimede replide; Vassaile auant or with my wings you die, Ist fit an Eagle seate him with a Flie?

The Flie craude pitie, still the Eagle frownde, The sillie Flie Readie to die Disgracte, displacte, fell groueling to the ground. The Eagle sawe And with a royall minde, said to the Flie, Be not in awe, I scorne by me the meanest creature die;

Then seate thee heere: the ioyfull Flie vp flings, And sate safe shadowed with the Eagles wings.

As soone as Menaphon had ended this roundelay, turning to Samela, after a countrey blush, he began to court her in this homely fashion; What thinke you, Samela, of the Eagle for his royall deede? That he falsified the old Prouerbe Aquila non capit muscas? But I meane, Samela, are you not in opinion, that the Eagle gives instances of a princelie resolution, in preferring the safetie of a Flie before the credit of her royall Maiestie?

I thinke, Menaphon, that high minds are the shelters of pouertie, and Kings seates are couerts for distressed persons; that the Eagle in shrowding the Flie did well, but a little

forgot her honour.

But how thinke you, Samela, is not this proportion to be observed in love?

I gesse no, for the Flie did it not for loue, but for succour.

Hath loue then respect of circumstance?

Els it is not loue, but lust; for where the parties haue no simpathie of Estates, there can no firme loue be fixed; discord is reputed the mother of diuision, and in nature this is an vnrefuted principle, that it falteth which faileth in vniformitie. He that grafteth Iillyflowers vpon the Nettle marreth the smell; who coueteth to tie the Lambe and the Lion in one tedder maketh a brawle; equall fortunes are loues fauourites, and therefore shoulde fancie bee alwayes limitted by Geometricall proportion; least if young matching with olde, fire and frost fall at a combate: and if rich with poore there happe manie daungerous and brauing objections.

Menaphon halfe nipte in the pate with this replie, yet like a tall souldier stoode to his tackling, and made this aunswere; Suppose, gentle Samela, that a man of meane estate, whome disdainefull Fortune had abased, intending to make hir power prodigall in his misfortunes, being feathered with Cupides bolt, were snared in the beautie of a Queene, should he rather die than discouer his amors?

If Queens (quoth she) were of my mind, I had rather die, than perish in baser fortunes.

Venus loued Vulcan, replied Menaphon:

Truth, quoth Samela, but though he was polt-footed, yet he was a God.

Phaon enjoyed Sapho, he a Ferriman that lived by his hands thrift, she a Princesse that sate invested with a diadem.

The more fortunate, quoth Samela, was he in his honours,

and she the lesse famous in her honestie.

To leave these instances, replied Menaphon, (for love had made him hardie) I, sweete Samela, inferre these presupposed premisses, to discouer the basenesse of my mean birth, and vet the deepnesse of my affection, who euer since I saw the brightnesse of your perfection shining vpon the mountains of Arcadie, like the glister of the Sunne vpon the toplesse Promontorie of Sicilia, was so snared with your beautie, and so inueigled with the excellence of that perfection that exceedeth all excellencie, that loue entring my desire, hath mainteined himselfe by force; that vnlesse sweete Samela grant me fauour of her loue, and play the princelie Eagle, I shall with the poore Flie perish in my Fortunes. He concluded this period with a deepe sigh, and Samela grieuing at this follie of the Shephearde, gaue him mildelie this

annswere.

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Menaphon, my distressed haps are the resolutions of the Destinies, and the wrongs of my youth, are the forerunners of my woes in age; my natiue home is my worst nurserie, and my friends denie that which strangers preiudiciallie grant: I arrived in Arcady shipwrackt, and Menaphon fauouring my sorrowes hath affoorded me succours, for which Samela rests bound, and will prooue thankfull: as for loue, knowe that Venus standeth on the Tortoys, as shewing that Loue creepeth on by degrees; that affection is like the Snayle, which stealeth to the top of the lance by minutes; the grasse hath his increase, yet neuer anie sees it augment, the Sonne shadowes, but the motion is not seene; loue like those should enter into the eye, and by long gradations passe into the heart; Cupid hath wings to flie, not that loue should be swift, but that he may soare high to auoyd base thoughts. The Topace being throwne into the fire burneth straight, but no sooner out of the flame but it freezeth; strawe is soone kindled, but it is but a blaze; and loue that is caught in a moment, is lost in a minute; giue me leaue then Menaphon first to sorrow for my fortunes, then to call to minde my husbands late funeralls, then if the Fates haue assigned I shall fancie, I will account of thee before anie

shepheard in Arcadie.

This conclusion of Samela draue Menaphon into such an extasie for ioy, that he stood as a man metamorphozed; at last calling his senses together, hee tolde her he rested satisfied with her answere, and therupon lent her a kisse, such as blushing Thetis receaues from her choycest lemman.

At this, Lamedon awakte, otherwise Menaphon no doubt had replied, but breaking off their talk they went to view their pastures, and so passing downe to the place where the sheepe grazed, they searched the shepheards bagges, and so emptied their bottles as Samela meruailed at such an vncouth banquet: at last they returned home, Menaphon glorying in the hope of his successe, interteining Samela still with such courtesie, that shee finding such content in the cotage, began to despise the honors of the Court.

Resting thus in house with the shepheard, to avoide tedious conceipts she framed her selfe so to countrey labours, that she oft times would lead the flocks to the fieldes her selfe, and being drest in homelie attire, she seemd like *Oenone* that was

amorous of Paris.

As she thus often traced alongst the Plaines, she was noted, amongst the shepheardes, of one *Doron*, next neighbour to *Menaphon*, who entered into the consideration of her beautie, and made report of it to all his fellow swaines, so that they chatted nought in the fields but of the new shepheardesse.

One daye amongst the rest, it chaunced that Doron sitting in parley with another countrey companion of his, amidst

other tattle, they prattled of the beautie of Samela.

Hast thou seene her, quoth Melicertus (for so was his friend

called).

I, quoth Doron, and sigtht to see her, nor that I was in loue, but that I greeued shee shuld be in loue with such a one as Menaphon.

What manner of woman is shee, quoth Melicertus?

As well as I can, answered Doron, I will make description of her.

## DORONS DESCRIPTION OF SAMELA.

Ike to Diana in her Summer weede Girt with a crimson roabe of brightest die, goes faire Samela.

Whiter than be the flockes that straggling feede, When washt by Arethusa, faint they lie: is faire Samela.

As faire Aurora in her morning gray Deckt with the ruddie glister of her love.

is faire Samela.

Like louelie Thetis on a calmèd day, When as her brightnesse Neptunes fancie moue, shines faire Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassie streames, Her teeth are pearle, the breast are yuorie of faire Samela.

Her cheekes like rose and lilly yeeld foorth gleames, Her browes bright arches framde of ebonie: Thus faire Samela

Passeth faire Venus in her brauest hiew. And Iuno in the shew of maiestie,

for she's Samela. Pallas in wit, all three if you will view,

For beautie, wit, and matchlesse dignitie yeeld to Samela.

Thou hast, quoth Melicertus, made such a description, as if Priamus young boy should paint out the perfection of his Greekish Paramour. Me thinkes the Idea of her person represents it selfe an object to my fantasie, and that I see in the discouerie of her excellence, the rare beauties of. And with that, he broke off abruptlie with such a deepe sigh, as it seemed his heart should have broken; sitting as the Lapithes when they gazed on Medusa.

Doron meruailing at this sodayne euent, was halfe afraid, as if loue appoplexie had astonied his senses, so that cheering vp his friend, he demanded what the cause was of this

sodaine conceipt.

Melicertus no niggarde in discouerie of his fortunes, began thus. I tell thee, Doron, before I kept sheepe in Arcadie. I was a Shepheard else where, so famous for my flockes, as Menaphon for his foldes; beloued of the Nymphes, as hee likte of the Countrey Damzells; coueting in my loues to vse Cupids wings, to soare high in my desires, though my selfe were borne to base fortunes. The Hobbie catcheth no pray. vnlesse she mount beyonde her marke, the Palme tree beareth most bowes where it groweth highest, and Loue is most fortunate where his courage is resolute, and thought beyond his compasse. Grounding therefore on these principles. I fixte mine eyes on a Nymph, whose parentage was great, but her beautie farre more excellent, her birth was by manie degrees greater than mine, and my woorth by manie discents lesse than hers: yet knowing Venus loued Adonis, and Luna, Endymion; that Cupide had boltes feathered with the plumes of a Crowe, as well as with the pennes of an Eagle, I attempted and courted her, I found her lookes lightening disdaine, and her forhead to conteine fauours for others, and frownes for me: when I alledged faith, she crost me with Æneas; when loyaltie, she told me of Iason; when I swore constancie, shee questioned me of Demophoon; when I craued a finall resolution to my fatall passions, shee filde her browes full of wrinckles, and her eyes full of furie, turned her backe, and shooke me off with a Non placet. Thus in loues I lost loues, and for her loue had lost all, had not when I neere despaired the clemencie of some curteous starre, or rather the verie excellence of my Mistres fauours salued my halfe despairing maladie: for shee seeing that I helde a supersticious opinion of loue, in honouring him for a Deitie, not in counting him a vaine conceipt of Poetrie; that I thought it sacriledge to wrong my desires, and the basest fortune to inhance my fortune by falsing my loues to a woman, she left from being so rammage, and gentlie came to the first, and granted me those fauours shee might affoord, or my thoughts desire. With this, he ceast, and fell againe to his sighes.

Which Doron noting, answered thus. If (my good Melicertus) thou didst enjoy thy loues, what is the occasion

thou beginnest with sighes, and endest with passions.

Ah, Doron, there endes my ioyes, for no sooner had I triumpht in my fauours, but the trophees of my fortunes fell like the hearbes in Syria, that flourish in the morne, and fade before night; or like vnto the flie Tyryma, that taketh life and leaueth it all in one day. So, my Doron, did it fare with me, for I had no sooner enioyed my loue, but the heauens enuious a shepheard should haue the fruition of such a heauenly Paragon, sent vnreuocable Fates to depriue me of her life, and shee is dead; dead, Doron, to her, to my selfe, to all, but not to my memorie, for so deepe were the characters stamped in my inwarde senses, that obliuion can neuer race out the forme of her excellence.

And with that, he start vp, seeking to fall out of those dumpes with Musique, (for he plaid on his pipe certaine sonets he had contriued in praise of the countrey wenches) but plaine *Doron*, as plaine as a packstaffe, desired him to sound a roundelay, and he would sing a song, which he

carolled to this effect.

#### DORONS LIGGE.

Hrough the shrubbes as I can cracke, For my Lambes little ones, Mongst many pretie ones, Nimphes I meane, whose haire was blacke

As the crow: Like the snow

Her face and browes shinde I weene:

I saw a little one,
A bonny prety one,
As bright, buxsome and as sheene

As was shee.
On hir knee

That lulld the God, whose arrowes warmes
Such merry little ones,
Such faire fac'd prety ones,
As dally in Loues chiefest harmes,

Such was mine:

Whose gray eyne

Made me loue. I gan to woo
This sweete little one,
This bonny prettie one.

I wooed hard a day or two,

Till she bad;
Be not sad,

Wooe no more I am thine owne,

Thy dearest little one,

Thy truest pretie one:

Thus was faith and firme love showne,

As behoues Shepheards loues.

How like you this Dittie of mine owne deuising, quoth

As well as my musique, replied *Melicertus*; for if *Pan* and I striue, *Midas* being Iudge, and should happe to giue me the garland, I doubt not but his Asses eares should be doubled: but *Doron* so long we dispute of loue, and forget our labours, that both our flockes shall be vnfolded, and to morrow our merrie meeting hindered.

Thats true, quoth *Doron*, for there will be all the shepheards Daughters and countrey Damzels, and amongst them feare not but *Menaphon* will bring his faire Shepheardesse, there *Melicertus* shalt thou see her that will amate all our moodes, and amaze thee, and therefore good *Melicertus* let vs

be going.

With this prattle away they went to their foldes, where we leave them, and returne to Menaphon, who triumphing in the hope of his new loues, caused Samela to tricke her vp in her countrey attire, and make her selfe brave against the meeting: she that thought, to be coye were to discover her thoughts, drest her selfe vp in Carmelas russet cassocke, and that so quaintly, as if Venus in a countrey peticoate had thought to wanton it with her louely Adonis.

The morow came, and away they went, but Lamedon was

left behinde to keep the house.

At the houre appointed, Menaphon, Carmela and Samela came, when all the rest were readie making merie. As soone

as word was brought, that Menaphon came with his newe Mistres, all the companie began to murmur, and euery man to prepare his eye for so miraculous an object: but Pesana a heardsmans daughter of the same parish, that long had loued Menaphon, and he had filled her browes with frownes, her eyes with furie, and her heart with griefe; yet coueting in so open an assemblie, as well as shee coulde, to hide a pad in the straw, she expected as others did the arrivall of her newe corrivall: who at that instant came with Menaphon into the house.

No sooner was she entred the Parlour, but her eyes gaue such a shine, and her face such a brightnesse, that they stood gazing on this Goddesse; and shee vnacquainted, seeing her selfe among so manie vnknowen swaines, died her cheekes with such a vermillion blush, that the countrey maides themselues fel in loue with this faire Nimph, and could not blame Menaphon for being ouer the shooes with such a beautifull creature. Doron iogde Melicertus on the elbowe, and so awakte him out of a dreame, for he was deeply drownd in the contemplation of her excellencie; sending out vollies of sighs in remembrance of his old loue, as thus hee sate meditating of her fauour, how much she resembled her that death had deprived him off.

Well her welcome was great of all the companie, and for that she was a stranger, they graced her to make her the mistres of the Feast. Menaphon seeing Samela thus honoured, conceiued no smal content in the aduancing of his Mistres, being passing ioconde and pleasant with the rest of the companie, insomuch that euerie one perceiued howe the poore swayne fedde vppon the dignities of his Mistres graces. Pesana noting this began to lowre, and Carmela winking vpon her fellowes, answered her frownes with a smile, which doubled her griefe; for womens paines are more pinching if they be girded with a frumpe, than if they be galled with a

mischiefe.

Whiles thus there was banding of such lookes, as euerie one imported as much as an *impreso*, Samela, willing to see the fashion of these countrey yong frowes, cast her eyes abroad, and in viewing euerie face, at last her eyes glaunced on the lookes of Melicertus; whose countenance resembled so ynto her dead Lord, that as a woman astonied she stood

staring on his face, but ashamed to gaze vppon a stranger, she made restraint of her looks, and so taking her eye from one particular object, she sent it abroad to make generall

suruey of their countrey demeanours.

But amidst all this gazing, he that had seene poore Menaphon, how, infected with a lealous furie, he stared each man in the face, fearing their eyes should feede or surfet on his Mistres beautie: if they glaunst, he thought straight they would be riualls in his loues: if they flatlie lookt, then they were deepely snared in affection; if they once smiled on her, they had receyved some glance from Samela that made them so malepart; if she laught, she likte; and at that he began to frowne: thus sate poore Menaphon, all dinner while, pained with a thousande lealous passions, keeping his teeth garders of his stomacke, and his eyes watchmen of his loues, but Melicertus halfe impatient of his new conceived thoughts, determined to trie how the Damzell was brought vp, and whether she was as wise as beautifull, hee therefore began to breake silence thus.

The Orgies which the Bacchanals kept in Thessaly, the Feasts which the melancholy Saturnists founded in Danuby, were neuer so quatted with silence, but on their festival daies they did frolicke amongst themselves with manie pleasaunt parlies: were it not a shame then that we of Arcadie, famous for the beautie of our Nymphes, and the amorous roundelaies of our shepheards, shoulde disgrace Pans holiday with such melancholy dumpes: curteous country Swaines shake off this sobrietie, and seeing we have in our companie Damzels both beautifull and wise, let vs interteine them with prattle, to trie our wittes, and tire our time.

To this they all agreed with a plaudite.

Then, quoth *Melicertus*; by your leave since I was first in motion, I will be first in question, and therefore new come shepheardesse first to you. At this *Samela* blusht, and he

began thus

Faire Damzel, when Nareus chatted with Iuno, he had pardon, in that his prattle came more to pleasure the Goddesse than to ratifie his owne presumption: if I Mistres be ouerbold, forgiue me; I question not to offend, but to set time free from tediousnesse. Then gentle shepheardesse tell me, if you should be transformed through the anger of the

Gods, into some shape; what creature would you reason to

Samela blushing that she was the first that was boorded, yet gathered vp her crums, and desirous to shew her pregnaunt wit (as the wisest women be euer tickled with self loue)

made him thus answere.

Gentle shepheard, it fits not strangers to be nice, nor maidens too coy; least the one feele the weight of a scoffe, the other the fall of a frumpe: pithie questions are mindes whetstones, and by discoursing in iest, manie doubts are deciphered in earnest: therefore you have forestalled me in craving pardon, when you have no neede to feele anie grant of pardon. Therefore thus to your question; Daphne I remember was turned to a bay tree, Niobe to a flint, Lampetia and her sisters to flowers, and sundrie Virgins to sundrie shapes according to their merites; but if my wish might serve for a Metamophosis, I would be turned into a sheepe.

A sheepe, and why so Mistres?

I reason thus, quoth Samela, my supposition should be simple, my life quiet, my food the pleasant Plaines of Arcadie and the wealthie riches of Flora, my drinke the coole streames that flowe from the concaue Promontorie of this Continent, my aire should be cleare, my walkes spacious, my thoughts at ease, and can there, shepheard, be any better premisses to conclude my replie than these?

But have you no other allegations to confirme your resolu-

tion?

Yes sir, quoth she, and farre greater.

Then the law of our first motion, quoth hee, commands

you to repeate them.

Farre be it, answered Samela, that I should not doo of free will anie thing that this pleasant companie commands: therefore thus; Were I a sheepe, I should bee garded from the foldes with iollie Swaines, such as was Lunas Loue on the hills of Latmos; their pipes sounding like the melodie of Mercurie, when he lulld asleepe Argus: but more, when the Damzells tracing along the Plaines, should with their eyes like Sunne bright beames, drawe on lookes to gaze on such sparkling Planets: then wearie with foode, shoulde I lye and looke on their beauties, as on the spotted wealthe of the

richest Firmament; I should listen to their sweete layes, more sweete than the Sea-borne Syrens: thus feeding on the delicacie of their features, I should like the Tyrian heyfer fall in loue with Agenors darling.

I but, quoth Melicertus, those faire facde Damzells oft draw

foorth the kindest sheepe to the shambles.

And what of that, sir, aunswered Samela, would not a sheepe

so long fed with beautie, die for loue.

If he die (quoth Pesana) it is more kindnes in beasts, than constancie in men: for they die for loue, when larkes die with leekes.

If they be so wise, quoth Menaphon, they shew but their mother witts; for what sparkes they have of inconstancie, they drawe from their female fosterers, as the Sea dooth ebbes and tides from the Moone.

So be it sir, answered *Pesana*, then no doubt your mother was made of a Weathercocke, that brought foorth such a wauering companion: for you, master *Menaphon*, measure your looks by minutes and your loues are like lightning, which no sooner flash on the eie, but they vanish.

It is then, quoth *Menaphon*, because mine eye is a foolish Iudge, and chooseth too baselie: which when my heart

censures of, it cast away as refuse.

'Twere best then, said *Pesana*, to discharge such vniust Iudges of their seates, and to set your eares hearers of your love pleas.

If they fault, quoth Melicertus, euerie market towne hath a remedie, or els there is neuer a Baker neere by seauen miles.

Stay curteous Shepheards, quoth Samela, these iestes are too broade before, they are cynicall like Diogenes quippes, that had large feathers and sharpe heads, it little fits in this companie to bandie taunts of loue, seeing you are vnwedded and these all maidens addicted to chastitie.

You speake well as a Patronesse of our credite, quoth Pesana, for in deede we be virgins, and addicted to virginitie.

Now, quoth *Menaphon*, that you have got a virgin in your mouth you wil never leave chaunting that word, till you prooue your selfe either a Vestall or a Sybill.

Suppose she were a Vestall, quoth *Melicertus*, I had almost said a virgine (but God forbidde I had made such a doubtfull supposition) shee might carrie water with *Amulia* in a siue:

for amongst all the rest of the virgins we read of none but

her that wrought such a miracle.

Pesana hearing how pleasantly Melicertus plaid with her nose, thought to giue him as great a bone to gnaw vppon, which she cast in his teeth thus briefelie. I remember, sir, that Epicurus measured euerie mans diet by his owne principles; Abradas the great Macedonian Pirate, thought euerie one had a letter of Marte, that bare sayles in the Ocean; none came to knocke at Diogenss tub but was supposed a Cinick; and fancie a late hath so tied you to his vanities, that you will thinke Vesta a flat figured conceipt of Poetrie.

Samela perceiving these blowes woulde growe to deepe wounds, broke off their talke with this prety digression. Gentlemen, to ende this strife, I praye you let ve heare the opinion of Doron, for all this while neither he nor Carmela have vttered one word, but sate as Censers of our pleas; twere necessarie he tolde ve how his heart came thus on his

halfepenie.

Doron hearing Samela thus pleasaunt, made presentlie this blunt replie; I was, faire Mistres, in a solempne doubt with my selfe, whether in beeing a sheepe, you would be a Ram or an Ewe?

An Ewe no doubt, quoth Samela, for hornes are the

heaviest burden that the head can beare.

As Doron was readie to replie, came in sodainly to this parley foure or fiue olde shepheards, who broke off their prattle, that from chat they fel to drinking: and so after some parley of their flocks, euerie one departed to their own home where they talked of the exquisite perfection of Samela, especially Melicertus, who gotten to his owne cotage, and lyen downe in his couch by himselfe, began to ruminate on Samelas

hape.

Ah Melicertus, what an object of fortune this day brought to thy eyes, presenting a strange Idæa to thy sight, as appeared to Achilles of his dead friend Patroclus, tresses of gold like the tramels of Sephestias lockes, a face fairer than Venus, such was Scphestia; her eye paints her out Sephestia, her voyce sounds her out Sephestia, she seemeth none but Sephestia: but seing she is dead, and there liueth not such another Sephestia, sue to her and loue her, for that it is either a selfe same or another Sephestia. In this hope Melicertus fel to his

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slumber, but Samela was not so content. For shee began

thus to muse with her selfe;

May this Melicertus be a shepheard? or can a countrie cotage affoord such perfection? doth this coast bring forth such excellence? then happie are the virgins shall have such suters, and the wives such pleasing husbands; but his face is not inchacte [enchased] with anie rusticke proportion, his browes containe the characters of nobilitie, and his lookes in shepheards weeds are Lordlie, his voyce pleasing, his wit full of gentrie: weigh all these equallie, and consider, Samela, is it not thy Maximus? Fond foole, away with these suppositions; could the dreaming of Andromache call Hector from his graue? or can the vision of my husband raise him from the seas? Tush, stoop not to such vanities: hee is dead, and therefore grieue not thy memorie with the imagination of his new reuiue, for there hath been but one Hippolitus found to be Virbius, twise a man. to salue Samela than this suppose; if they court thee with hyacinth, interteine them with roses; if he send thee a lambe, present him an eawe; if he wooe, be wooed; and for no other reason, but hee is like Maximus.

Thus she rested, and thus she slept, all parties being equally content and satisfied with hope, except Pesana, who, fettred with the feature of her best beloued Menaphon, sate cursing Cupide as a parciall Deitie, that would make more daye light in the Firmament than one Sunne, more rainebowes in the heaven than one Ivis, and more loues in one heart than one settled passion: manie praiers she made to Venus for revenge, manie vowes to Cupide, manie orizons to Hymæneus, if she might possesses the type of her desires. Well, poore soule, howsoever she was paid, she smothered all with patience, and thought to brave love with seeming not to love; and thus she daily drove out the time with labour, and looking to her heard, hearing everie day by Doron who was her kinsman,

what successe Menaphon had in his loues.

Thus Fates and Fortune dallying a dolefull Catastrophe, to make a more pleasing Epitazis, it fell out amongst them thus. Melicertus going to the fields, as he was wont to doo with his flockes, droue to graze as neere the swaines of Menaphon as he might, to haue a view of his new enterteined Mistres; who, according to his expectation, came thether eueric day. Melicertus esteeming her to bee some Farmers daughter at the

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most, could not tell how to court her; yet at length calling to remembrance her rare wit discouered in her last discourses, finding opportunitie to giue her both bal and racket, seeing the coast was cleere, and that none but Samela and he were in the field, he left his flocke in the valley, and stept vnto her, and saluted her thus.

Mistres of al eyes that glance but at the excellence of your perfection, soueraigne of all such as Venus hath allowed for louers, Oenones ouermatch, Arcadies comet, beauties second comfort; all haile: seeing you sit like Iuno when shee first watchte her white heyfer on the Lincen downes, as bright as siluer Phæbe mounted on the high top of the ruddie element, I was by a strange attractive force drawne, as the adamant draweth the yron, or the leat the straw, to visite your sweete selfe in the shade, and affoord you such companie as a poore swaine may yeeld without offence; which if you shall vouch to deigne of, I shall be as glad of such accepted service, as Paris first was of his best beloved Paramour.

Samela looking on the shepheardes face, and seeing his vtterance full of broken sighes, thought to bee pleasant with her shepheard thus. Arcadies Apollo, whose brightnesse draws euerie eye to turne as the Heliotropion doth after her load; fairest of the shepheards, the Nimphes sweetest object, womens wrong, in wronging manie with ones due; welcome, and so welcome, as we vouchsafe of your seruice, admitte of your companie, as of him that is the grace of al companies, and if we durst vpon any light pardon, woulde venter to request you shew vs a cast of your cunning.

Samela made this replie, because she heard him so superfine, as if Ephæbus had learnd him to refine his mother tongue, wherefore thought he had done it of an inkhorne desire to be eloquent; and Melicertus thinking that Samela had learnd with Lucilla in Athens to anatomize wit, and speake none but Similes, imagined she smoothed her talke to

be thought like Sapho, Phaos Paramour.

Thus deceived either in others suppositions, Samela followed her sute thus; I know that Priamus wanton could not be without flockes of Nymphes to follow him in the Vale of Ida, beautie hath legions to attende her excellence if the shepheard be true; if like Narcissus you wrap not your face in the cloude of disdaine, you cannot but have some

rare Paragon to your Mistres, whome I woulde haue you, in some sonnet, describe; *Ioues* last loue, if *Ioue* coulde get from *Iuno*.

My pipe shal presume and I aduenture with my voice to set out my Mistres fauour for your excellence to censure of, and therefore thus.

Yet Melicertus, for that hee had a farther reach, would not make anie clownish description, chapted it thus cunningly,

# MELICERTUS DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRES.



Une on my pipe the praises of my Loue,
And midst thy oaten harmonie recount
How faire she is that makes thy musicke mount,
And euerie string of thy hearts harpe to moue.

Shall J compare her forme vnto the spheare Whence Sun-bright Venus vaunts her silver shine? All more than that by just compare is thine, Whose Christall lookes the cloudie heavens doo cleare.

How oft have I descending Titan seene His burning lockes couch in the Sea-queenes lap, And beauteous Thetis his red bodie wrap In watrie roabes, as he her Lord had been.

When as my Nimph impatient of the night Bad bright Atræus with his traine give place, Whiles she led foorth the day with her faire face, And lent each starre a more than Delian light.

Not I one or Nature should they both agree To make a woman of the Firmament, Of his mixt puritie could not invent A Skie borne forme so beautifull as she.

When Melicertus had ended this roundelay in praise of his Mistres, Samela, perceived by his description, that either some

better Poet than himselfe had made it, or else that his former phrase was dissembled: wherefore to trie him thoroughly, and to see what snake lay hidden vnder the grasse, she followed the chase in this manner.

Melicertus, might not a stranger craue your Mistres name.

At this, the shepheard blusht, and made no reply.

How now, quoth Samela, what, is she meane that you shame, or so high as you fear to bewray the souereign of your thoughts? Stand not in doubt man, for be she base, I reade that mightie Tamberlaine after his wife Zenocrafe (the worlds faire eye) past out of the Theater of this mortall life, he chose stigmaticall trulls to please his humorous fancie. Be she a princesse, honour hangs in high desires, and it is the token of a high minde to venter for a Queene: then

gentle shepheard tell me thy Mistres name.

Melicertus hearing his goddesse speake so fauourably, breathed out this sodaine replie: Too high, Samela, and therefore I feare with the Syrian Wolues to barke against the Moone, or with them of Scyrum to shoot against the starres; in the height of my thoughts soaring too high, to fall with wofull repenting Icarus: no sooner did mine eye glance vpon her beautie, but as if loue and fate had sate to forge my fatall disquiet, they trapte mee within her lookes, and haling her Idaa through the passage of my sight, placed it so deeply in the center of my heart, as maugre al my studious indeauour it still and euer will keepe restlesse possession: noting her vertues, her beauties, her perfections, her excellence, and feare of her too high born parentage, although painfully fettered, yet haue I still feared to dare so haute an attempt to so braue a personage; lest she offensive at my presumption, I perish in the height of my thoughts.

This conclusion broken with an abrupt passion, could not

so satisfie Samela but she would bee further inquisitiue.

At last after manie questions, he answered thus: Seeing Samela I consume my selfe, and displease you; to hazarde for the salue that maye cure my malady, and satisfie your question, know it is the beauteous Samela.

Be there more of that name in Arcady beside myselfe,

quoth she.

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I know not, quoth Melicertus, but were there a million, onely you are Melicertus Samela.

But of a million, quoth she, I cannot be Melicertus Samela,

for loue hath but one arrowe of desire in his quiuer, but one string to his bow, and in choyce but one aime of affection.

Haue ye alreadie, quoth Melicertus, set your rest vpon some

higher personage?

No, quoth Samela, I meane by your selfe, for I haue hearde that your fancie is linked alreadie to a beautiful

shepherdesse of Arcadie.

At this, the pore swaine tainted his cheeks with a vermillion die, yet thinking to carrie out the matter with a iest, he stood to his tackling thus; Whosoeuer Samela descanted of that loue, tolde you a Canterbury tale; some propheticall full mouth that as he were a Coblers eldest sonne, would by the laste tell where anothers shooe wrings, but his sowterly aime was just leuell, in thinking euerie looke was loue, or euerie faire worde a pawne of loyaltie.

Then, quoth Samela, taking him at a rebound, neither may I thinke your glaunces to be fancies, nor your greatest protestion any assurance of deepe affection: therefore ceasing off to court any further at this time, thinke you haue prooued your selfe a tall souldier to continue so long at batterie, and that I am a fauourable foe that haue continued so long a parley; but I charge you by the loue you owe your deerest Mistres, not to say any more as touching loue for this time.

If Samela, quoth hee, thou hadst enioyned me as Iuno did to Hercules, most daungerous labours, I would have discouered my loue by obedience, and my affection by death: yet let me crave this, that as I begunne with a Sonnet, so I may ende with a Madrigale.

Content Melicertus, quoth she, for none more than I loue

Musique.

Upon this replie, the shepheard proud followed this Dittie.

## MELICERTUS MADRIGALE.



Hat are my sheepe without their wonted food?

What is my life except I gaine my Loue?

My sheepe consume and faint for want of blood.

My life is lost vulesse I grace approue.

No flower that saplesse thriues:

No flower that saplesse thriues:
No Turtle without pheare

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The day without the Sunne dooth lowre for woc, Then woe mine eyes vnlesse they beautie see: My Sunne Samelas eyes, by whom I know Wherein delight consists, where pleasures be.

Nought more the heart reviues Than to imbrace his deare.

The starres from earthly humors gaine their light.
Our humors by their light possesse their power:
Samelaes eyes fedde by my weeping sight,
Justiness my paine or loyes, by smile or lower.
So wends the source of loue.

It feeds, it failes, it ends.

Kinde lookes cleare to your ioy behold her eyes, Admire her heart, desire to taste her kisses; In them the heaven of ioy and solace lies, Without them ev'ry hope his succour misses. Oh how I love to proove

Wheretoo this solace tends.

Scarce had the shepheard ended this Madrigale, but Samela began to frowne, saying he had broken promise.

Melicertus alledged if he had vttred any passion, twas sung,

not said.

Thus these Louers in a humorous descant of their prattle espied a farre off olde Lamedon and Menaphon coming towards them; whereupon kissing in conceipt, and parting with interchaunged glaunces, Melicertus stole to his sheepe, and Samela sate her downe making of nets to catche birds.

At last Lamedon and her Loue came, and after manie gracious lookes, and much good parley, helpte her home with

her sheepe, and put them in the folds.

But leaving these amorous shepheardes busic in their loues, let vs retourne at length to the pretic babic, Samelas childe, whom Menaphon had put to nurse in the countrey.

This infant being by Nature beautifull, and by birth noble, even in his cradle exprest to the eyes of the gazers such glorious presages of his approaching fortunes, as if another Alcides (the arme-strong darling of the doubled night) by wrastling with snakes in his swadling cloutes, should prophecie to the world the approching wonders of his prowesse; so did his fierie looks reflect terror to the weake beholders of his ingrafted nobilitie, as if some God twise born like vnto the Thracian Bacchus, forsaking his heaven borne Deitie, shoulde delude our eyes with the alternate forme of his infancie. Fiue yeres had full runne their monthly revolution, when as this beauteous boy began to shew himselfe among the shepheards children, with whom he had no sooner contracted familiar acquaintance, but straight he was chosen Lord of the May game, king of their sports, and ringleader of their reuils; insomuch that his tender mother beholding him by chance mounted in his kingly maiestie, and imitating honorable justice in his gamesom exercise of discipline, with teares of ioy took vp these propheticall termes;

Well doo I see, where God and Fate hath vowed felicitie, no aduerse fortune may expel prosperitie. Pleusidippus, thou art young, thy lookes high, and thy thoughtes hautie; soue-reigntie is seated in thy eyes, and honour in thy heart; I feare this fire will haue his flame, and then am I vndone in thee my sonne; my countrey life (sweete countrey life) in thy proud soaring hopes, despoyled and disroabed of the disguised aray of his rest, must returne russet weedes to the foldes where I lefte my feares, and hast to the court my hell,

there to inuest me in my wonted cares.

How now Samela, wilt thou be a Sybil of mishap to thy self? the angrie heavens that have eternisht thy exile, have

establisht thy content in Arcadie.

My content in Arcadie, that may not be no longer than my Pleusidippus staies in Arcadie, which I have cause to feare, for the whelps of the Lion are no longer harmlesse than when they are whelpes, and babes no longer to be awed, than while they are babes. I but nature. And therewith she pawsed, being interrupted by a tumult of boies, that by yong Pleusidippus command fell vpon one of their fellowes, and beate him most cruelly for playing false playe at nine holes: which she espying though her lattise window, could

not chose but smile aboue measure. But when she saw him in his childish termes condemne one to death for despising the authoritie bequeathed him by the rest of the boyes, then she bethought her of the Persian Cyrus that deposed his Grandfather Astyages, whose vse it was at like age to imitate

maiestie in like manner.

In this distraction of thoughts she had not long time staid, but Lamedon and Menaphon calde her awaye to accompany them to the foldes, whiles Pleusidippus hasting to the execution of iustice, dismissed his boyish session till their next meeting: where how imperiouslie he behaued himselfe in punishing misorders amongest his equals, in vsing more than iesting iustice towards his vntamed copesmates, I referre it to the Annals of the Arcadians that dilate not a little of

this ingenious argument.

In this sort did *Pleusidippus* draw foorth his infancie, till on a time walking to the shore, where hee with his mother were wrackt, to gather cockles and pebble stones, as children are wont: there arrived on the strond a *Thessalian* Pirate named *Eurilochus*, who after he had forraged in the *Arcadian* confines, driuing before him a large bootie of beasts to his ships, espied this pretie infant; when gazing on his face, as wanton *Ioue* gazed on *Phrygian Ganimede* in the fields of *Ida*, hee exhaled into his eyes such deepe impression of his perfection, as that his thought neuer thirsted so much after any pray, as this pretie *Pleusidippus* possession: but determining first to assay him by curtesie before hee assayled him with rigour, he began to trie his wit after this manner.

My little childe, whence art thou, where wert thou borne, whats thy name, and wherefore wandrest thou thus all alone

on the shoare.

I pray ye, what are you, sir, quoth *Pleusidippus*, that deale thus with me by interrogatories, as if I were some runne away.

Wilt thou not tell me then, who was thy father?

Said he, Good sir, if ye will needes knowe, goe aske that of

my mother.

Hath said well, my Lord, quoth Romanio who was one of his especiall associates, for wise are the children in these dayes that know their owne fathers, especially if they be begotten in Dogge daies, when their mothers are franticke with loue, and yong men furious for lust. Besides, who knows not, that these *Arcadians* are given to take the benefit of euerie Hodge, when they will sacrifice their virginitie to *Venus*, though they have but a bush of nettles for their bedde; and sure this boy is but some shepheards bastard at the most, howsoever his wanton face importeth more than appearance.

Pleusidippus eyes at this speach resolved into fire, and his face into purple, with a more than common courage in children of his yeares and stature, gaue him the lie roundly in this replie; Pesant, the bastard in thy face, for I am a Gentleman; wert thou a man in courage, as thou art a cowe in proportion, thou wouldst neuer haue so much empayred thy honestie, as to derogate from my honor. Look not in my face but level at my heart by this that thou seest. And therewith let drive at him with such pebble stones as hee had in his hat, insomuch that Romanio was driven to his heeles, to shun this sodaine haile shot, and Eurilochus resolued into a laughter, and in tearmes of admiration most highly extolled so exceeding magnanimitie in so little a bodie; which how auaileable it produed to the confirmation of his fancie, that was before inflamed with his features, let them imagine, that have noted the imbecilitie of that age, and the vnresisted furie of men at armes.

Sufficeth at this instant to vnfolde (all other circumstance of praise laid apart) that Eurilochus being farre in loue with his extraordinarie lineaments, awaited no farther parley, but willed his men perforce to hoyse him a shipboord, intending as soone as euer he arriued in Thessaly, by sending him to the Courte as a present, to makes his peace with his Lord and Master Agenor, who not long before had proclaimed him as a notorious Pirate throughout all his dominions.

Neither swarued hee one whit from his purpose, for no sooner had he cast anker in the Port of Hadrionopolis, but he arraied him in choyce silkes and Tyrian purple, and so sent him as a prize to the King of that Country, who walking as then in his summer garden with his Queen, the beauteous Eriphila, fell to discourse (as one well seene in Philosophie) of hearbes and flowers, as the sauour or colour did occasion: and hauing spent some time in disputing their medicinable properties, his Ladie reaching him a Marigold, he began to moralize of it thus merely.

I meruaile the Poets that were so prodigall in painting the amorous affection of the Sunne to his Hyacinth, did neuer obserue the relation of loue twixt him and the Marigold: it shoulde either seeme they were loath to incurre the displeasure of women, by propounding it in the way of comparison any seruile imitation for head strong wives, that loue no precepts lesse than those pertaining vnto duty; or that that flower not so vsual in their gardens as ours, in her vnacquainted name did obscure the honour of her amors to Apollo; to whose motions reducing the methode of her springing, she waketh and sleepeth, openeth and shutteth her golden leaues, as he riseth and setteth.

Well did you forestall my exception, quoth Eriphila, in terming it a seruile imitation; for were the condition of a wife so slauish as your similitude would inferre, I had as leaue be your page as your spouse, your dogge as your darling.

Not so, sweete wife, answered Agenor, but the comparison holdeth in this, that as the Marigold resembleth the Sunne both in colour and forme, so each mans wife ought euerie way to be the image of her husband, framing her countenance to smile, when she sees him disposed to mirth; and contrariwise her eyes to teares, he being surcharged with melancholy: and as the Marigold displaieth the orient ornaments of her beautie to the resplendant viewe of none but her louer Hyperion, so ought not a woman of modestie lay open the allurements of her face to anie but her espoused pheere; in whose absence like the Marigold in the absence of the Sunne, she ought to shut vp her dores, and solemnize continuall night, till her husband, her sunne, making a happie return, vnsealeth her silence with the ioy of his sight.

Beleeue me, but if all flowers (quoth Eriphila) affoord such influence of eloquence to our aduerse orators, Ile exempt them all from my smell, for feare they be all planted to povson.

Ofte haue I heard (replied Agenor) our cunning Phisitions conclude, that one poyson is harmelesse to another; which if it be so, there is no cause why a thistle should feare to be

stung of a nettle.

I can tell you, sir, you best were beware, least in wading too farre in comparisons of thistles and nettles, you exchange not your rose for a nettle.

If I do, quoth Agenor, it is no more, but my gardeners shall plucke it vp by the rootes, and throw it ouer the wal as

a weed.

To end this iest that els would issue to a iarre, What purple flower is this in forme like a hyacinth (quoth *Eriphila*) so cunningly dropped with bloud, as if Nature had intermedled with the Heralds arte, to emblazon a bleeding heart.

It is the flower into the which Poets doo faigne Venus dying Adonis to be turned, a faire boy but passing infortu-

nate.

Was it possible, quoth *Eriphila*, that euer Nature should bee so bounteous to a boy, to give him a face in despite of women so faire: faine would I see such an object, and then would I defie beautie, for imparting our excellencie to any

inferiour object.

In saying these words (as if Fortune meant to present her fancie with his desired felicitie) Romanio conducted by one of the Lords came with yong Pleusidippus in his hand into the privile garden: where discoursing vnto the king the intent of Eurilochus in presenting him with such an inestimable lewell, the manner of his taking in the Strond of Arcadie, with other circumstance of vowed alleageance; all which being gratefully accepted of Agenor, he sealed their severall pardons, and so gave them leave to depart.

But when he had throughly observed everie perfection of yong Pleusidippus, he burst into these tearmes of passion; Had sea-borne Pontia then an appliable eare in our idlenesse, that to testifie hir eternall deitie, she should send vs a second Adonis to delude our senses? What ever may deserve the name of faire have I seen before, beautic have I beheld in his brightest orb, but never set eve on immortalitie before this

houre.

Eriphila likewise in no lesse extasie, seeing her eyes to dazle with the reflexe of his beautie, and hir cheekes tainted with a blush of disgrace by too too much gazing on his face, said; that eyther the Sunne had lefte his bower to beguile their eyes with a borrowed shape (which could not keepe in his brightnesse) or Cupide dismounted from his mothers lappe, left his bow and quiuer at random, to outbraue the Thessalian dames in their beautie.

In this contrarietie of thoughts, being all plunged welnigh

in a speachlesse astonishment, the faire childe *Pleusidippus* not vsed to such hyperbolical spectators, broke off the silence by calling for his victualls, as one whose emptie stomack since his comming from sea, was not ouercloyed with delicates, whereat *Agenor* reviued from his trance, wherein the present wonder had inwrapt him, demanded such questions of his name and parentage as the Pirates ignorance could not vnfold; but he being able to tel no more than this, that his mother was a shepheardesse, and his owne name *Pleusidippus*, cut off all their further interrogatories by calling, after his childish manner, againe for his dinner.

Whereupon Agenor commanding him to be had in, and, vsed in euerie respect as the childe of a Prince, began in his solitarie walke by his countenance to calculate his Natiuitie, and measure his birth by his beautie, contracting him in thought heyre to his kingdome of Thessaly, and husbande to his daughter, before he knewe whence the childe descended,

or who was his father.

But leaving yong Pleusidippus thus spending his youth in the Thessalian Court, protected with tender affection of such a courteous Foster-father as Agenor; returne wee where we lefte, backe vnto Arcadie, and meete his Mother, the faire Samela, returning from the foldes: who having discoursed by the way, as she came home, to Lamedon and Menaphon, what shee late sawe and observed in her sonne, they both conjoyned their judgements to this conclusion, that hee was doubtles borne to some greater fortunes than the sheepcoates could containe, and therefore it behooued her to further his Destinies with some good and liberall education, and not to detaine him any longer in that trade of life, which his fortune withstood: but by the way to rebuke him for tyrannising so Lordlie ouer his boies, least the neighbor shepheards might happely intrude the name of injurie on them being strangers, for his insulting ouer their children.

With this determination came she home, and calling for *Pleusidippus* according to their former counsaile, he would in no wise be found. Thereupon enquirie was made amongest all the shepheards, diligent seach in euerie village, but stil the most carefullest post returned with *Non est inuentus*.

Which Samela hearing, thinking she had vtterly lost him whome Fortune had saued, began in this manner to act her vnrest.

Dissembling heavens, where is your happinesse? vnconstant times, what are your triumphes? have you therefore hethertoo fed me with honie, that you might at last poyson me with gall? Haue you fatted me so long with Sardenian smiles, that like the wracke of the Syrens, I might perish in your wiles? Curst that I was to affie in your curtesie, curst that I am to taste of your crueltie. O, Pleusidibbus, liuest thou, or art thou dead? No thou art dead, dead to the world, dead to thy kinsfolkes, dead to Cibres, dead to Arcadie, dead to thy mother Samela; and with thee dies the worlds wonder, thy kinsfolkes comfort, Cipres soule, Arcadies hopes, thy mothers honours. this the prophecie of thy souereigntie, to yeeld up thy life to death so vntimely? wretched was I of al women to bring thee foorth to this infancie. O cruel Themis that didst revolue such vneuitable fate; hard harted death to prosecute me with such hate. Haue wee therefore escapte the furie of the seas, to perish on the land? was it not inough that we were exiled from higher prosperitie, but we must all of vs thus sodainly be ouerwhelmed with the ouerflowe of a second aduersitie? my husband and thy father to be swalowed in the furie of the surge, and now thou to bee. And therewith her eyes distilled such abundance of teares, as stopt the passage of her plaints; and made her seeme a more than second Niobe, bewailing her seauen fold sorrow under the forme of a weeping Flint.

Menaphon who had ouer heard her all this while, as one that sought opportunitie to plead his vnrest, perceiuing her in that extremitie of agonie for hir sons supposed losse, stept to hir presently, and cheerde hir vp in these tearmes; Faire shepheardesse, might the teares of contrition raise the dead from destruction, then were it wisdome to bewaile what weeping might recall; but since such anguish is fruitelesse, and these plainings bootlesse; comfort your self with the hope of the liuing, and omit the teares for the dead.

Why, quoth Samela, how is it possible a woman should loose him without griefe, whom she hath conceiued with sorrow: he was, sweete Menaphon, the divided halfe of my

essence, soule to my ioyes, and life to my delights; as beauteous in his birth, as in our bright bow-bearing God, that played the shepheard awhile for loue, amiddest our

pleasant Arcadian Downes.

What ere he was in beautie, quoth *Menaphon*, proceeded from your bountie; who may by marriage make his like when you please: therefore there is no cause you should so much grieue to see your first worke defacte, that of a newe molde can forme a farre better than euer he was.

Ah, Menaphon, nere more may his like proceede from my loynes; I tell thee he made the chamber bright with his beautie when he was born, and chacte [chased] the night with the golden rayes that gleamed from his lookes: nere more

may I bee the mother of such a sonne.

Yes, Samela, (quoth the frolicke shephearde) thinke not but if thou wilt list to my loues, I will enrich thee with as faire increase as euer he was.

Alas, pore swaine, said she, thou hopest in vaine, since another must reape what thou hast sowne, and gather into

his barnes what thou hast scattered in the furrowe.

Another reape what I haue sowen. Therewith he scracht his head where it icht not, and setting his cap he could not tell which way, in a hot fustian fume, he vtterd these words of furie; Strumpet of Greece, repaiest thou my loue with this lauish ingratitude? haue I therefore with my plentie supplied thy wants, that thou with thy pride shouldst procure my wo? did I relieue thee in distresse, to wound me in thy welfare with disdaine? deceitful woman (and therewith hee swore a holiday oath, by Pan the God of the shepheards) either returne loue for loue, or I will turne thee forth of doores to scrape vp thy crummes where thou canst; and make thee pitied for thy pouertie, that earst while wert honoured in euery mans eye through the supportance of thy beautie.

Belike then, quoth Samela, when you intertained me into your house, you did it not in regarde of the lawes of hospitalitie, but only with this policie to quench the flames of your fancie; then sir, haue I mistooke your honestie, and am

lesse indebted to your courtesie.

Nay I thought no lesse, saide Menaphon, when your straggling eye at our last meeting would bee gadding throughout eueric corner of our companie, that you would proue such a kinde

kistrell; but if you will needes be starting, He serue yee thereafter, I warrant you: then see which of our beardlesse yongsters will take ye in, when I haue cast you foorth.

Those, quoth she, that outcountenance Menaphon and his pelfe, and are better able than your selfe: but howsoeuer I finde their fauour, I henceforth defie you and your fellow-

ship.

And therewith, in great rage, she flung away into the next chamber, where her uncle *Lamedon* laye a sleepe; to whome complaining of *Menaphons* discurtesies, he straight inuented this remedie:

There was a shepheard called *Moron* (brother to *Doron*) that not long before died of a surfet, whose house and flocke beeing set to sale after his decease, he bought them both foorthwith for *Samela*, with certaine remainder of money he had, and therein enfeaft [enfcoffed] her, maugre the furie of *Menaphon*; who when hee saw she was able to support her state without his purse, became sicke for anger, and spent whole

Eclogues in anguish.

Sometime lying comfortlesse on his bedde, he would complaine him to the windes of his woes, in these or such like words: Forlorne and forsooke, since Phisicke doth loathe thee; despayre be thy death, Loue is a God and despiseth thee a man; Fortune blinde, and can not beholde thy desertes; die, die, fonde Menaphon, that vngratefully hast abandoned thy Mistresse. And therewith stretching himselfe vpon his bed, as thinking to haue slept, hee was restrained by cares that exiled all rest from his eyes: whereuppon taking his pipe in his hande, twixte playing and singing hee playned him thus.

## MENAPHONS SONG IN HIS BEDDE.



Ou restlesse cares, companions of the night,
That wrap my ioyes in folds of endlesse woes:
Tyre on my heart, and wound it with your spight,
Since Love and Fortune proves my equall foes.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies:

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies: Welcome sweet griefe, the subject of my laies.

Mourne heavens, mourne earth, your shepheard is forlorne; Mourne times, and houres, since bale inuades my bowre: Curse euerie tongue, the place where I was borne, Curse euerie thought, the life which makes me lowre. Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies,

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies, Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my laies.

Was I not free? was I not fancies aime?
Frande not desire my face to front disdaine?
J was; she did: but now one silly maime
Makes me to droope as he whom love hath slaine.
Farewell my hopes, farewell my ho

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy daies, Welcome sweet griefe, the subject of my layes.

Yet drooping, and yet living to this death,

J sigh, I sue for pitie at her shrine,

Whose fierie eyes exhale my vitall breath,

And make my flockes with parching heate to pine.

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies,

Welcome sweet griefe, the subiect of my layes.

Fade they, die I, long may she liue to blisse, That feedes a wanton fire with fuell of her forme, And makes perpetuall summer where shee is; Whiles I doo crie oretooke with envies storme,

Farewell my hopes, farewell my happie daies: Welcome sweete griefe, the subject of my laies.

No sooner had Menaphon ended this dittie, but Pesana hearing that he was lately falne sicke, and that Samela and hee were at mortall iarres; thinking to make hay while the Sunne shined, and take opportunitie by his forelockes, comming into his chamber, vnder pretence to visit him, fell into these termes; Why how now, Menaphon, hath your newe change driuen you to a night cap? Beleeue me, this is the strangest effect of loue that euer I saw, to freeze so quicklye the heart it set on fire so lately.

Why maye it not bee a burning feuer as well, quoth Mena-

phon blushing?

Nay that can not be, said Pesana, since you shake for colde, not sweat for heat.

Why if it be so, it is long of cold interteinment.

Why, quoth Pesana, hath your hot intertainment cooled your courage?

No, but her vndeserued hate quite hindered my conquest. You knowe, said *Pesana*, where you might haue been let in, long ere this, without either assault or anie such battery.

With this the Shepheard was mute, and Pesana ashamed: but at length regathering his spirits, to bewray his martyrdome, and make his olde Mistris some new musicke, he strained foorth this dittie.



Aire fields, proud Floras vaunt, why is't you smile when as f lauguish?

You golden meads, why striue you to beguile my weeping anguish?

I live to sorrow, you to pleasure spring:

why doo you spring thus?

What will not Boreas, tempests wrathfull king, take some pitie on vs?

And send foorth Winter in hir rustie weede,
to waite my bemonings;

Whiles I distrest doo tune my countrey reede vnto my gronings.

But heaven, and earth, time, place, and every power, have with her conspired

To turne my blissefull sweetes to balefull sower, since fond I desired

The heaven whereto my thoughts may not aspire:

ay me vnhappie.

It was my fault t'imbrace my bane the fire, that forceth me to die.

Mine be the paine, but hirs the cruell cause

of this strange torment:
Wherefore no time my banning prayers shall pause,
till proud she repent.

Well I perceiue, quoth *Pesana*, for all she hath let you flie like a Hawke that hath lost hir tyre; yet you meane to follow sute and service, though you get but a handfull of smoake to the bargaine.

Not so, said Menaphon, but perhaps I seek to returne an

ill bargaine as deare as I bought it.

If you doo so, you are wiser than this kercher dooth shew

you, quoth Pesana.

Much idle prattle to this purpose had Menaphon with Pesana in his sicknesse; and long it was not, but that with good diet and warme broths, (and especially by her carefull attendance) hee began to gather vp his crummes, and listen by litle and litle to the loue he late scorned.

Leaue we them to their equall desires, as surfetting either of others societie; and let vs looke back to Thessaly, where Samelaes stripling (now growne vp to the age of sixteene veres) flourisht in honour, and feates of armes aboue all the Knights of the Court, insomuch that the eccho of his Fame, was the onely news talkt on throughout euerie towne in Greece: but Olympia the Mistresse of his prowesse (for so was the Kings daughter named) was she that most of all exalted in the farre renowmed reports of his martiall perfections, to whose praise hee did consecrate al his indeauours, to whose exquisite forme hee did dedicate al his aduentures. But hellborne Fame, the eldest daughter of Erinnis, enuying the felicitie of these two famous Louers, dismounted eftsoones from hir brasse sounding buildings, and vnburdened hir selfe of hir secrets in the presence of yong Pleusidippus, among whose catalogue she had not forgot to discouer the incomparable beauty of the Arcadian shepheardesse: whereof the young Prince no sooner had received an inckling, but he stood vpon thornes til he had satisfied his desire with her sight.

Therefore on a time sitting withhis Mistresse at supper, when for table talke it was debated amongst them, what Country bredde the most accomplisht Dames for all things? After straungers and others had deliuered vp their opinions without parcialitie, one amongst them all, who had been in Arcadie,

gaue vp his verdit thus freely;

Gentle women (quoth hee) bee it no disgrace for the Moone to stoope to the Sunne, for the starres to give place when Titan appeares; then I hope neither the Thessalians will be moued, nor the Grecians agricued, if I make Apollos Arcadie beauties Meridian. Neither wil I proceede heerein as our Philosophicall Poets are wont, that muster every moouer in the Zodiacke, euerie fixed starre in the firmament, euerie elementall worde of arte in an Almanacke, to prooue that Countrey for beautie most Canonicall where their Mistresse abideth; when as, God wot, had they but learned of Apelles, Ne sutor vltra crepidam, they would not have aspired aboue their birth, or talkt beyond their sowterly bringing vp. Our Arcadian Nimphs are faire and beautifull, though not begotten of the Suns bright rayes, whose eyes va[u]nt loues armorie to the viewe, whose angelical faces are to the obscure earth in steed of a Firmament: viewe but this counterfeite (and therwithall hee shewed the picture of Samela) and see if it be not of force to draw the Sunne from his spheare, or the Moone from hir circle to gaze as the one did on the beautie of Daphne, or al night contemplate as the other on the forme of Endymion.

Pleusidippus who al this while heard his tale with attentiue patience, no sooner beheld the radiant glory of this resplendant face, but as a man alreadie installed in eternitie, he exclaimed thus abruptly. O Arcadie, Arcadie, storehouse

of Nimphs, and nurserie of beautie.

At which words Olympia starting vp suddenly, as if she, a second Iuno, had taken hir Ioue in bed with Alemena: and ouercasting the chamber with a frown that was able to mantle the world with an eternall night, she made passage to her choller in these termes of contempt; Beardlesse vpstart of I know not whence, haue the fauors of my bounty (not thy desert) entred thee so deeply in ouerweening presumption, that thou shouldst be the formost in derogation of our dignitie, and blaspheming of my beautie? I tell thee, recreant, I scorne thy clownish Arcady with his inferior comparisons, as one that prizeth her perfection aboue anie created constitution.

Pleusidippus, vppon this speech stood plunged in a great perplexitie, whether he should excuse himselfe mildly, or take her vp roundly; but the latter being more leuel to his humor than the former, he began thus to rowze vp his furie. Dis-

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R. Greene. Aug. 1589.

dainful dame, that vpbraidest me with my birth as it were base, and my youth as it were boyish, know that although my parents and progenie are enuied by obscuritie, yet the sparkes of renowm that make my Eagle minded thoughts to mount, the heauenly fire imprisoned in the pannicles of my crest, inciting me to more deeds of honor, than stout *Perseus* effected with his fauchon in the fields of *Hesperia*, assertaineth my soule I was the sonne of no coward, but a Gentleman: but since my inequalitie of parentage is such an eye sore to thy enuy, holde, take thy fauors, (and therewith he threw her her gloue) and immortalize whom thou wilt with thy toyes; for I will to *Arcadie* in despite of thee and thy affinitie, there

either to seeke out mischance, or a new Mistres.

With this, in a great rage, he rose from the boord, and would haue mounted himselfe to depart in that mood, had not the Lords and gentlemen there present disswaded him from such an vnaduised enterprise. Neither was this vnkindnesse kept so secret, but it came to the Kings eare as he was new risen from dinner; who for the loue he bare to Pleusidippus whome hee had honoured with Knighthood not long before, and for the toward hopes he saw in him, took paines to goe to the chamber where they were; and finding his daughter in strange manner perplexed with the thoughts of Pleusidippus departure, her eyes red, and her cheekes all to be blubbered with her iealous teares, he took her vp in this manner.

Daughter, I thought I had chose such a one to be the object of your eie, as you might have everied way loved and honoured as the Lord of your life, and not have controlled as the slave of your luste. Did I therefore grace him with my countenance, that you should distaine him with your taunts; peeuish girle; I aduise thee on my displeasure, either reconcile thy selfe betimes, and reforme thy vnreuerent tearmes, or I will disclaime the love of a Father, and deale by thee no more as a daughter.

Olympia, who alreadie had sufficiently bitten on the bridle, took these words more vnkindly than all her former bitternesse, which she digested but sowerly; neuerthelesse making necessitie the present times best pollicie, shee humbled her selfe as shee might with modestie, and desired the best interpretation of what was past: Pleusidippus whose courteous

inclination coulde not withstand this submission, in sign of reconcilement, gaue her a stoccado des labies: yet was he not so reconciled, but he kept on his purpose of going to Arcadie, whereat Olympia (although she grudged inwardly, yet being loath to offend) helde her peace, and determined to bestowe vppon him a remembrance, whereby he might bee brought to thinke vppon her in his absence; which was the deuise of a bleeding heart floting in the sea waves, curiouslie stampt in golde, with this Motto about it, Portum aut mortem; alluding as it seemed, to the deuise in his shield, wherein (because he was taken vp by Eurilochus on the shore) was cunningly drawne in a field argent, the sea waves with Venus sitting on the top, in token that his affection was alreadie fettred.

Here holde this, said she, my sweet *Pleusidippus*, and hang it about thy neck, that when thou art in *Arcadie*, it may be euer in thine eye; so shall these droppes of ruth that paint out a painfull trueth, withdraw thy fancie from attracting strange beautie. Which said, the teares gusht from her eyes, and *Agenors* likewise, who gaue him nothing so much in charge,

as to make hast of his returne.

Pleusidippus, although he could have bin content to have done the like for companie, yet he had such a minde on his iourney, that he broke off such ceremonies, and hasted a shipboord; and in a Barke bounde for Arcadic, having the winde fauourable, made a short cut, so as in a daye and nights sayling, he arrived on the shore adiopning to the Promontorie wher he, his mother, and his uncle Lamedon were first wrackt.

Leaue we him wandring with some few of his traine that came with him alongst the sea side, to seeke out some town or village where to refresh themselues; and let vs awhile to the Court of Democles, where our Historie began: who hauing committed his daughter with her tender babe, her husbande Maximus, and Lamedon, his vncle, without oare or mariner to the furie of the merciles waues, determined to leaue the succession of his kingdome to vncertaine chance; for his Queene with Sephestiaes losse (whom she deemed to be dead) tooke such thought, that within short time after she died. Democles, as carelesse of all weathers, spent his time Epicure-like in all kinde of pleasures that either art or expence might affoord,

so that for his dissolute life he seemed another *Heliogabalus*, deriuing his securitie from that grounded tranquilitie, which made it prouerbiall to the world, *No heaven but Arcadie*.

Hauing spent manie yeares in this varietie of vanitie, Fame determining to applye her selfe to his fancie, sounded in his eares the singular beauty of his daughter Samela; he, although he were an olde colt, yet had not cast all his wanton teeth. which made him vnder the brute of beeing sicke of a grieuous appoplexie, steale from his Court secretly in the disguise of a shepheard, to come and seek out Samela; who not a little proud of hir new flocke, liude more contented then if she had been Queene of Arcadie, and Melicertus ioying not a little that shee was parted from Menaphon, vsed euerie day to visite her without dread, and courte her in such shepheards termes as he had; which howe they pleased her I leaue to you to imagine, when as not long after shee vowed marriage to him solemnly in presence of all the shepheards, but not to be solemnized til the Prophecie was fulfilled, mentioned in the beginning of this Historie. Although this penance exceeded the limits of his patience; yet hoping that the Oracle was not yttered in vaine, and might as well (albeit he knew not which way) bee accomplished in him as in any other, was contented to mak a vertue of necessitie, and await the vtmost of his destinie.

But Pleusidippus, who by this time had perfected his pollicies, exchaunging his garments with one of the heardgroomes of Menaphon, tracing ouer the Plaines in the habit of a Shepheard, chanced to meete with Democles as he was new come into those quarters; whom mistaking for an olde shepheard, he began many impertinent questions belonging to the Sheepecoates, at last he askt him if he knew Samelaes sheepfold; who answering doubtfully vnto all alike, made him halfe angrie: and had not Samela passed by at that instant to fill her bottle at a spring neere the foote of the Promontorie, he should like inough haue had first handsell of our new Shepheards sheepehooke. But the wonder of her beautie so wrought with his wounded fancie, that he thought report a partiall spreader of her praises, and fame too base to talke of such formes. Samela espying this faire sheepheard so farre ouer-gone in his gazing, stept to him, and askt him if he knew

her that hee so ouerlookt her.

Pardon me, faire shepheardesse, (quoth *Pleusidippus*) if it be a fault, for I cannot chuse, being Eagle sighted, but gaze on the Sunne the first time I see it.

And truely I cannot chuse but compare you to one of *Æsops* Apes, that finding a Glowworme in the night, tooke it for a fire; and you seeing a face full of deformities, mistake it for the Sunne.

Indeede it maye be, mine eyes made opposite to such an object may faile in their office, hauing their lights rebated by such brightenesse.

Nay not vnlike, quoth Samela, for els out of doubt you

would see your way better.

Why, quoth Pleusidippus, I cannot go out of the way.

when I meete such glistering Goddesses in my way.

How now, sir *Paris*, are you out of your Arithmeticke, I thinke you haue lost your witts with your eyes, that mistake *Arcadie* for *Ida*, and a Shepheardesse for a Goddes.

How euer it please you (quoth Pleusidippus) to derogate from my prowesse by the title of Paris, know that I am not so farre out of my Arithmetick, but that by Multiplication I can make two of one, in an houres warning, or bee as good as a cypher to fill vp a place at the worst hand; for my wit sufficeth be it neuer so simple to proue both re and voce, that there can be no vacuum in rerum natura; and mine eyes, (or else they deceiue me) will enter so farre in arte, as niger est contrarius albo, and teach mèe how to discerne twixt blacke and white.

Much other circumstance of prattle passed betweene them, which the Arcadian Records doo not shew, nor I remember; sufficeth he pleaded loue, and was repulst: which droue him into such a choler, that meeting his supposed shepheard (who lying vnder a bush, had all this while ouer heard them) he entred into such termes of indignation, as Ioue shaking his earthquaking haire, when he sat in consultation of Licaon.

Wherefore Democles perceiving Pleusidippus repulst, who was every way gracde with the ornaments of Nature, began to cast over his bad peniworths, in whose face age had furrowed her wrinckles; except hee should lay his crowne downe at her feete, and tell her he was king of Arcadia: which in Common wealths respectes, seeming not commodious, he thought to turne a new leafe, and make this yong shepheard

the meanes to perfect his purpose. Hee had not farre from that place a strong Castle, which was inhabited as then by none but tilsmen and heardgroomes: thither did he perswade Pleusidippus to carrie her perforce, and effect that by constraint, that he could not atchieue by intreatie; who listning not a little to this counsaile, that was neuer plotted for his aduantage, presently put in practise what he of late gaue in precepts, and waiting till the euening that Samela should fold hir sheepe, hauing giuen his men the watch word, maugre al the shepheards adjoining, he mounted her behind him; and being by Democles directed to the Castle, he made such hauocke among the stubborne heardsmen, that will they, nill they, he was Lord of the Castle.

Yet might not this preuaile with Samela, who constant to her olde shephearde, would not interteine anie new loue; which made Pleusidippus thinke all this haruest lost in the reaping, and blemisht all his delights with a mournful drooping.

But Democles that lookt for a mountaine of gold in a Mole hill, finding her all alone, began to discourse his loue in more ample manner than euer Pleusidippus, telling her how he was a King, what his reuenewes were, what power he had to aduance her, with many other proude vaunts of his wealth,

and prodigal terms of his treasure.

Samela hearing the name of a King, and perceiuing him to be hir Father, stoode amazed like Medusaes Metamorphosis, and blushing oft with intermingled sighes, began to thinke how iniurious fortune was to her showen in such an incestuous father. But he, hot spurred in his purpose, gaue hir no time to deliberate, but required either a quicke consent, or a present deniall. She tolde him, that the Shepheard Melicertus was alreadie intitled in the interest of hir beautic, wherefore it was in vain what hee or anie other could plead in the way of perswasion.

He thereupon entring into a large field of the basenesse of Shepheards, and royalties of Kings, with many other assembled arguments of delight, that would have fetcht Venus from her sphere to disport: but Samela, whose mouth could digest no other meate saue only hir sweet Melicertus, ashamed so long to hold parley with her father about such a matter, flung away to her withdrawing chamber in a dissembled rage, and there, after her wonted manner, bewailed her misfortunes.

Democles plunged thus in a Laborinth of restles passions, seeing Melicertus figure was so deepely printed in the center of her thoughts, as neither the resolution of his fancie, his Metamorphosis from a King to a traueler, Crownes, Kingdomes, preferments, (batteries that soone ouerthrowe the fortresse of womens fantasies) when Democles, I say, saw that none of these could remooue Samela; hearing that the Arcadian shepheards were in an vprore for the losse of their beautifull shepheardesse, his hot loue changing to a bird of coy disdaine; he intended by some reuenge, eyther to obtaine his loue, or satisfie his hate: wherevppon throughly resolued, he stole away secretly in his shepheards apparaile, and got him down to the Plaines, where he found all the swaines in a mutinie about the recouerie of their beautifull Paragon.

Democles stepping amongst the route, demaunded the cause

of their controuersie.

Marie, sir, quoth Doron bluntly, the flower of all our garland is gone.

How meane you that, sir, quoth he?

Wee had, answered Doron, an Eaw amongst our Rams, whose fleece was as white as the haires that grow on father Boreas chinne, or as the dangling deawlap of the siluer Bull, her front curled like to the Erimanthian Boare, and spangled like to the woosted stockings of Saturne, her face like Mars treading vpon the milke white cloudes; belieue me Shepheard, her eyes were like the fierie torches tilting against the Moone. This Paragon, this none such, this Eaw, this Mistres of our flockes, was by a wily Foxe stolne from our foldes; for which these shepheards assemble themselues, to recour so wealthie a prize.

What is he, quoth Menaphon, that Doron is in such debate with? Fellow, canst thou tell vs anie newes of the faire shepheardesse, that the Knight of Thessaly hath carried away

from her fellow Nymphes?

Democles thinking to take opportunitie by the forhead: and seeing Time had feathred his bolte, willing to assaye, as

hee might, to hit the marke, began thus.

Shepheardes, you see my profession is your trade; and although my wandring fortunes be not like your home borne favours, yet were I in the groues of *Thessalian Tempe* as I am in the plaines of *Arcadie*, the swaines would give mee as

manie due honors, as they present you here with submisse reuerence. Beautie that drew Apollo from heauen to playe the shepheard, that fetcht Ioue from heaven to beare the shape of a Bull for Agenors daughter, the excellence of such a Metaphysicall vertue, I meane (shepheards) the fame of your faire Samela, houering in the eares of eueric man as a miracle of nature, brought me from Thessaly to feede mine eves with Arcadies wonder: stepping alongst the shoare to come to some sheepecoate where my wearie limmes might haue rest, Loue that for my labors thought to lead me to fancies pauillion, was my conduct to a castle, where a Thessalian knight lyes in holde, the Portcullis was let downe, the bridge drawen, the Courte of garde kept, thether I went; and for by my tongue I was known to be a Thessalian, I was enterteined and lodged: the Knight whose yeeres are yong, and valure matchlesse, holding in his armes a Lady more beautifull than Loues Queene, all blubbered with teares, asked me manie questions, which, as I might, I replide vnto: but while he talkt, mine eye surfetting with such excellence, was detained vpon the glorious shew of such a wonderfull object; I demanded what she was, of the standers by, and they said she was the faire shepheardesse whom the Knight had taken from the swaines of Arcadie, and woulde carrie with the first wind that serued into Thessaly: This, shepheards, I know, and grieue that thus your loues should be ouermatcht with Fortune, and your affections pulde back by contrarietie of

Melicertus hearing this, the fire sparkling out of his eyes, began thus, I tell thee shephearde, if Fates with their fore-pointing pencels did pen down, or Fortune with her deepest varietie resolue, or Loue with his greatest power determine to depriue Arcadie of the beautifull Samela, we would with our blood signe downe such spels on the Plaines, that either our Gods should summon her to Elizium, or shee rest with vs quiet and fortunate; thou seest the shepheardes are vp in armes to reuenge, onely it rests who shall haue the honour

and principalitie of the field.

What needs that question, quoth Menaphon, am not I the Kings shepheard, and chiefe of all the bordering swaines of Arcadia?

I grant, quoth Melicertus, but am not I a Gentleman,

though tirde in a shepheardes skincote; superiour to thee in

birth, though equall now in profession.

Well from words, they had falne to blowes, had not the shepheards parted them; and for the auoyding of further troubles, it was agreed that they should in two Eglog[ue]s make description of their loue; and *Democles*, for he was a stranger, to sit Censor, and who best could decipher his Mistres perfection, should be made Generall of the rest.

Menaphon and Melicertus condescended to this motion, and Democles sitting as a Judge, the rest of the shepheards stand-

ing as witnesses of this combat, Menaphon began thus.

## MENAPHONS EGLOGUE.



oo weake the wit, too slender is the braine
That meanes to marke the power and worth of lone;
Not one that lines (except he hap to prone)
Can tell the sweete, or tell the secret paine.

Yet I that have been prentice to the griefe, Like to the cunning sea-man, from a farre, By gesse will talke the beautie of that starre, Whose influence must yeeld me chiefe reliefe.

You Censors of the glorie of my deare, With reverence and lowlie bent of knee; Attend and marke what her perfections be: For in my words my fancies shall appeare.

Hir lockes are pleighted like the fleece of wooll That Iason with his Gretian mates atchinde, As pure as golde, yet not from golde derinde; As full of sweetes, as sweete of sweetes is full.

Her browes are pretie tables of conceate, Where Loue his records of delight doth quoate, On them her dallying lockes doo daily floate As Loue full oft doth feede vpon the baite. Her eyes, faire eyes, like to the purest lights That animate the Sunne, or cheere the day, In whom the shining Sun-beames brightly play Whiles fancie dooth on them divine delights.

Hir checkes like ripened lillies steept in wine, Or faire pomegranade kernels washt in milke, Or snow white threds in nets of crimson silke, Or gorgeous cloudes vpon the Sunnes decline.

Her lips like roses ouerwasht with dew,
Or like the purple of Narcissus flower:
No frost their faire, no wind doth wast their power,
But by her breath her beauties doo renew.

Hir christall chin like to the purest molde, Enchac'de with daintie daysies soft and white, Where fancies faire pauilion once is pight, Whereas imbrac'de his beauties he doth holde.

Hir necke like to an yuorie shining tower Where through with azure veynes sweete Nectar runnes, Or like the downe of Swannes where Senesse wonnes, Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

Hir pappes are like faire apples in the prime, As round as orient pearles, as soft as downe: They neuer vaile their faire through winters frowne, But from their sweetes Loue suckt his summer time.

Hir bodie beauties best esteemed bowre, Delicious, comely, daintie, without staine: The thought whereof (not touch) hath wrought my paine, Whose faire, all faire and beauties doth deuoure. Hir maiden mount, the dwelling house of pleasure; Not like, for why no like surpasseth wonder: O blest is he may bring such beauties under, Or search by sute the secrets of that treasure.

Devourd in thought, how wanders my device?
What rests behind I must divine vpon.
Who talkes the best, can say but fairer none:
Few words well coucht doo most content the wise.

All you that heare; let not my sillie stile, Condemne my zeale: for what my tongue should say Serues to inforce my thoughts to seeke the way Whereby my woes and cares I doo beguile.

Selde speaketh Loue, but sighs his secret paines; Teares are his truce-men, words doo make him tremble. How sweete is loue to them that can dissemble In thoughts and lookes, till they have reapt the gaines.

Alonely I am plaine, and what I say I thinke, yet what I thinke, tongue cannot tell: Sweete Censors take my silly worst for well: My faith is firme, though homely be my laye.

After the haples Menaphon had in this homely discourse shadowed his heavenly delight; the shepheard Melicertus, after some pause, began in this sort.

# MELICERTUS ÉCLOQUE.



Hat neede compare where sweete exceedes compare?
Who drawes his thoughts of love from senselesse things
Their pompe and greatest glories doth impaire,
And mounts Loues heaven with over leaden wings.

Stones, hearbes and flowers, the foolish spoyles of earth, Flouds, mettalls, colours, dalliance of the eye:
These shew conceipt is staind with too much dearth:
Such abstract fond compares making cunning die.

But he that hath the feeling taste of Loue Deriues his essence from no earthlie toy; A weake conceipt his power cannot approue, For earthly thoughts are subject to annoy.

Be whist, be still, be silent Censors now; My fellow swaine has tolde a pretie tale Which moderne Poets may perhaps allow, Yet I condemne the termes; for they are stale.

Apollo, when my Mistres first was borne, Cut off his lockes, and left them on her head, And said; I plant these wires in Natures scorne, Whose beauties shall appeare when Time is dead.

From foorth the Christall heaven when she was made, The puritie thereof did taint hir brow: On which the glistering Sunne that sought the shade Gan set, and there his glories doth avow.

Those eyes, faire eyes, too faire to be describde, Were those that earst the Chaos did reforme: To whom the heavens their beauties have ascribde, That fashion life in man, in beast, in worme.

When first hir faire delicious cheekes were wrough, Aurora brought hir blush, the Moone hir white:

Both so combinde as passed Natures thought,
Compilde those pretie orbes of sweete delight.

When Love and Nature once were proud with play, From both their lips hir lips the Corrall drew:
On them doth fancy sleepe, and everie day
Doth swallow ioy such sweete delights to view.

Whilome, while Venus Sonne did seeke a bowre, To sport with Psiches his desired deare, He chose her chinne; and from that happy stowre He neuer stints in glorie to appeare.

Desires and Ioyes that long had served Love, Besought a Holde where pretie eyes might woo them: Love make her necke, and for their best behove Hath shut them there, whence no man can vndoo them.

Once Venus dreamt vpon two prettie things, Hir thoughts they were affections chiefest neasts: She suckt and sightht, and bathde hir in the springs, And when she wakt, they were my Mistres breasts.

Once Cupid sought a holde to couch his kisses, And found the bodie of my best beloude, Wherein he closde the beautie of his blisses, And from that bower can neuer be remoude.

The Graces earst, when Alcidelian springs Were waxen drie, perhaps did finde hir fountaine Within the vale of blisse, where Cupides wings Doo shield the Nectar fleeting from the mountaine.

No more fond man: things infinite, I see, Brooke no dimension: Hell a foolish speech; For endles things may neuer talked be. Then let me live to honor and beseech. Sweete Natures pompe, if my deficient phraze Hath staind thy glories by too little skill, Yeeld pardon though mine eye that long did gaze, Hath left no better patterne to my quill.

I will no more, no more will I detaine Your listning eares with dallyance of my tongue: I speake my ioyes, but yet conceale my paine; My paine too olde, although my yeeres be yong.

As soone as *Melicertus* had ended this Eclogue, they expected the doome of *Democles*, who hearing the sweete description, wherein *Melicertus* described his Mistres, wondered that such rare conceipts could bee harboured vnder a shepheards gray clothing, at last he made this answere.

Arcadian Swaines, whose wealth is content, whose labours are tempered with sweete loues, whose mindes aspyre not, whose thoughts brooke no enuie; onely as riualls in affection, you are friendly emulators in honest fancie: sith fortune (as enemie to your quiet) hath reft you of your fayre shepheardesse, (the worlds wonder, and Arcadies miracle) and one of you as champion must lead the rest to reuenge, both desirous to shew your valour as your forwardnesse in affections, and yet (as I said) one to be sole chieftaine of the traine, I award to Melicertus that honour (as to him that hath most curiously portrayed out his Mistres excellence) to beare sole rule, and supremacie.

At this, Menaphon grudged, and Melicertus was in an extasie of ioy, so that gathering all his forces together of stout headstrong clownes, amounting to the number of some two hundred, he apparailed himselfe in armour, colour sables, as mourning for his Mistres, in his shield he had figured the waues of the sea, Venus sitting on them in the height of all her pride. Thus marched Melicertus forward with olde Democles, the supposed shepheard, till they came to the castle, where Pleusidiphus and his faire Samela were

resident.

As soone as they came there, Melicertus begirt the Castle with such a siege, as so manie sheepish Caualiers could furnish: which when he had done, summoning them in the

Castle to parley, the young Knight stept vpon the walls, and seeing such crue of base companions, with Iackets and rustie bills on their backs, fell into a great laughter, and began to taunt them thus. Why, what strange Metamorphosis is Are the Plaines of Arcadie, whilome filled with labourers, now ouerlaide with launces? Are sheepe transformed into men, swaines into souldiers, and a wandring companie of poore shepheards, into a worthie troope of resolute champions? No doubt, either Pan meanes to playe God of warre, or else these be but such men as rose of the teeth of Cadmus. Nowe I see the beginning of your warres, and the pretended ende of your stratagems; the shepheardes having a madding humour like the Greekes to seek for the recouerie of Helena, so you for the regaining of your faire Samela. Heere shee is, Shepheards, and I a Priam to defende hir with resistance of a ten yeares siege: yet for I were loath to have my Castle sackte like Trov, I pray you

tell me, which is Agamemnon?

Melicertus hearing the youth speake thus proudly, having the sparkes of honor fresh under the cinders of pouertie. incited with loue and valor (two things to animate the most dastard Thersites to enter combate against Hercules) answered Vnknowne yongster of Thessalie, if the feare of thy hardie deedes were like the Diapason of thy threates, wee would thinke the Castle of longer siege, than either our ages would permit, or our valour aduenture: but where the shelfe is most shallowe, there the water breakes most high: emptie vessells have the highest sounds, hollowe rockes the loudest ecchoes, and pratting gloriosers, the smallest performaunce of courage; for proofe whereof, seeing thou hast made a rape of faire Samela, one of her vowed Shepheards is come for the safetie of her sweete selfe to challenge thee to single combate; if thou ouercome me, thou shalt freelie passe with the shepheardesse to Thessaly; if I vanquish thee, thou shalt feele the burden of thy rashnesse, and Samela the sweetnesse of her libertie.

Pleusidippus meruailed at the resolution of the shepheard; but when Democles heard how if he wonne, she should be transported into Thessaly, a world of sorowes tombled in his discontented braine, that he hammered in his head many

meanes to stay the faire Samela.

For when Pleusidippus, in a great choller, was readie to throwe downe his gantlet, and to accept of the combat, Democles stept vp, and spake thus. Worthy mirrors of resolued magnanimitie, whose thoughts are aboue your fortunes, and whose valour more than your reuenewes, know that Bitches that puppie in hast bring forth blind whelpes; that there is no herbe sooner sprung vp than the Spattarmia nor sooner fadeth; the fruits too soone ripe are quickly rotten; that deedes done in hast are repented at leisure: then braue men in so weightie a cause, and for the conquest of so excellent a Paragon, let not one minute begin and end the quarrell, but like Fabius of Rome vse delay in such dangerous exploytes, when honor sits on wreaths of Lawrels to give the victor his garland: deferre it some three daies, and then in solemne manner end the combat.

To this good motion not onely Pleusidippus and Melicertus agreed, but all the companie were consenting, and vpon

pledges of truce being given, they rested.

But Democles seeing in couerte he could not conquer, and that in despairing loues secrecie was no salue, he despatched letters to the Nobilitie of his Court, with strait charge that they should bee in that place within three dayes with tenne

thousand strong.

This newes no sooner came to the Generall of his Forces, but leuying so many approoued souldiers, he marched secretly by night to the place *Democles* in his letters had prescribed; and there ioyfully intertained by the King, they were placed in ambush, readie when the signall should be given to issue out of the place, and performe their Souereignes command.

Well, the third day being come, no sooner did *Titan* arise from the watrie Couche of his Lemman, but these two champions were readie in the lists, accompanied with the route of all the *Arcadian* shepheards, and olde *Democles* whom they had

appoynted for one of the Iudges.

Pleusidippus seeing Melicertus advance on his shield the waves of the sea with a Venus sitting vpon them, meruailed what the shepheard should be that gaue his armes, and Melicertus was as much amazed to see a strange Thessalian Knight vant his armes without difference; yet being so fraught with direfull revenge, as they scorned to salute ech other so much as with threates, they fell toughly to blowes.

Samela standing on top of the turret, and viewing the combate; the poore Ladie grieuing that for her cause such a stratageme should arise in Arcadie, her countenance ful of sorrow, and flouds of teares falling from her eyes, she began to breathe

out this passion.

Unfortunate Samela, born to mishaps, and forepointed to sinister fortunes, whose bloomes were ripened by mischance, and whose fruite is like to wither with despaire; in thy youth sate discontent pruning her selfe in thy forhead, now in thine age sorow hides her selfe amongst the wrinckles of thy face: thus art thou infortunate in thy Prime, and crossed with contrarie accidents in thy Autumne, as haplesse as Helena, to haue the burden of warres laid on the wings of thy beautie. And who must be the champion? whose sword must pearce the helme of thine enemie? whose bloud must purchase the freedome of Samela, but Melicertus? If he conquer, then Samela triumphs, as if she had been chiefe victor in the Olympiades; if he loose, euerie drop falling from his wounds into the center of my thoughts, as his death to him, so shall it be to me, the end of my loues, my life, and my libertie.

As still shee was about to goe forwarde in hir passion, the trumpet sounded, and they fell to fight in such furious sorte, as the Arcadians and Democles himselfe wondered to see the courage of the Shepheard, that tied the Knight to such a sore taske. Pleusidippus likewise feeling an extraordinarie kinde of force, and seeing with what courage the Knight of the shepheards fought, beganne to coniecture diuersly of the waues, and to feare the euent of the combate. On the contrarie parte, Melicertus halfe wearied with the heauie blowes of Pleusidippus, stood in a maze howe so yong a wagge should be so

expert in his weapon.

Thus debating diuersly in their several thoughts, at length being both wearie, they stepte backe, and leaning on their

wordes, tooke breath, gazing each upon other.

At last *Pleusidippus* burst into these speeches. Shepheard in life, though now a Gentleman in armour, if thy degree be better I glory, I am not disgracde with the combate: tel me, how darest thou so farre wrong mee, as to weare mine Armes on thy shield?

Princockes (quoth Melicertus) thou liest, they be mine owne, and thou contrarie to the Law of Armes bearest my Crest

without difference, in which quarrell, seeing it concerns my honour, I will reuenge it as farre as my loues. And with that, he gaue such a charging blow at *Pleusidippus* helme, that hee had almost ouerturned him: *Pleusidippus* lefte not the blowe vnrequited, but doubled his force: insomuch that the hazard of the battle was doubtfull, and both of them were faine to take breath againe.

Democles seeing his time, that both of them were so weakned, gaue the watchword, and the ambush leapt out, slaughtered manie of the shepheards, put the rest to flight, tooke the two champions prisoners, and sacking the Castle, carried them and the faire Samela to his Court: letting the Shepheardesse haue her libertie, but putting Melicertus and

Pleusidippus into a deepe and darke dungeon.

R. Greene. Aug. 1580.

Where leaving these passionate Louers in this Catastrophe; againe to Doron, the homely blunt Shephearde; who having been long enamoured of Carmela, much good wooing past betwixte them, and yet little speeding; at last, both of them met hard by the Promontorie of Arcadie, shee leading foorth her Sheepe, and hee going to see his newe yeand Lambes. As soone as they met, breaking a few quarter blowes with such countrey glances as they coulde, they geerde one at another louingly.

At last Doron manfully began thus. Carmela, by my troth, Good morrow, tis as daintie to see you abroad, as to eate a messe of sweete milke in Iuly: you are proude such a house doue of late, or rather so good a Huswife, that no man may see you vnder a couple of Capons, the Church-yeard may stand long inough ere you will come to looke on it, and the Piper may begge for euerie pennie he gets out of your pursse: but it is no matter, you are in loue with some stout Ruffler, and yet poore folkes, such as I am, must be content with porredge. And with that, turning his backe, he smiled in his sleeue to see howe kindely hee had given her the bobbe:

Which Carmela seeing, she thought to be euen with him thus. Indeede Doron you saye well, it is long since wee met, and our house is a Grange house with you: but we haue tyed vp the great Dogge, and when you come you shall haue greene rushes, you are such a straunger: but tis no matter; soone

hote soone colde, hee that mingles himselfe with draffe, the hogges will eat him: and she that lays her loue on an vnkinde man, shall finde sorrowe inough to eate hir soppes withall. And with that Carmela was so full stomackt that she wept.

Doron to shewe himselfe a naturall yong man, gaue her a few kinde kisses to comfort her, and sware that she was the woman he loued best in the whole worlde, and for proofe, quoth he, thou shalt heare what I will praise.

And you, quoth she, what I will performe.

And so taking hand in hand, they kindly sate them downe, and began to discourse their loues in these Eclogues.

# Dorons Ecloque loyned with Carmelas.



It downe Carmela, here are cubbs for kings,
Slowes blacke as ieat, or like my Christmas shooes,
Sweet Sidar which my leathren bottle brings:
Sit downe Carmela, let me kisse thy toes.

# CARMELA.

Ah Doron, ah my heart, thou art as white, As is my mothers Calfe, or brinded Cow, Thine eyes are like the slowwormes in the night, Thine haires resemble thickest of the snow,

The lines within thy face are deepe and tleere Like to the furrowes of my fathers waine: Thy sweate upon thy face dooth oft appeare, Like to my mothers fat and Kitchin gaine.

Ah leaue my toe, and kisse my lippes, my loue, My lips are thine, for I have given them thee: Within thy cap tis thou shalt weare my glove, At foote ball sport, thou shalt my champion be.

### DORON.

Carmela deare, even as the golden ball That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes: When cherries ivice is immbled therewithall, Thy breath is like the steeme of apple pies.

Thy lippes resemble two Cowcumbers faire, Thy teeth like to the tuskes of fattest swine, Thy speach is like the thunder in the aire: Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

# CARMELA.

Doron, what thing doth moone this wishing griefe?

### DORON.

Tis Loue, Carmela, ah tis cruell Loue. That like a slaue, and caitiffe villaine thiefe, Hath cut my throate of ioy for my behoue.

# CARMELA.

Where was he borne?

# Doron.

In faith I know not where.

But I have heard much talking of his dart.

Ay me poore man, with many a trampling teare,
I feele him wound the forehearse of my heart.

What, doo I love? O no, I doo but talke. What, shall I die for love? O no, not so. What, am J dead? O no, my tongue doth walke. Come kisse, Carmela, and confound my woe.

# CARMELA.

Euen with this kisse, as once my father did, I seale the sweete indentures of delight:
Before I breake my vowe the Gods forbid,
No not by day, nor yet by darkesome night.

#### DORON --

Euen with this garland made of Holy-hocks, I crosse thy browes from eueric shepheards kisse. Heigh hoe, how glad am I to touch thy lockes, My frolicke heart euen now a free man is.

### CARMELA.

I thanke you Doron, and will thinke on you, I love you Doron, and will winke on you. I seale your charter patent with my thummes, Come kisse and part, for feare my mother comes.

Thus ended this merrie Eclogue betwixte Doron and Carmela: which, Gentlemen, if it be stufft with prettie Similies and farre fetcht Metaphores; thinke the poore Countrey Louers knewe no further comparisons then came within compasse of their Countrey Logicke. Well, twas a good world when such simplicitie was vsed, sayes the old women of our time, when a ring of a rush woulde tye as much Loue together as a Gimmon of golde: but Gentlemen, since we haue talkte of Loue so long, you shall give me leave to shewe my opinion of that foolish fancie thus.

# SONETTO.



Hat thing is Loue? It is a power divine
That raines in vs: or else a wreakefull law
That doomes our mindes, to beautie to encline:
It is a starre, whose influence dooth draw
Our heart to Loue dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our hearts and sight.

Loue is a discord, and a strange divorce Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power, As madde with reason, we admit that force, Which wit or labour neuer may deuoure.

It is a will that brooketh no consent: It would refuse, yet neuer may repent.

Loue's a desire, which for to waite a time, Dooth loose an age of yeeres, and so doth passe, As dooth the shadow seuerd from his prime, Seeming as though it were, yet neuer was.

Leaving behinde nought but repentant thoughts Of daies ill spent, for that which profits noughts.

Its now a peace, and then a sodaine warre,
A hope consumde before it is conceiude,
At hand it feares, and menaceth afarre,
And he that gaines, is most of all deceiude:
It is a secret hidden and not knowne,
Which one may better feele than write vpon.

Thus Gentlemen haue you heard my verdite in this Sonetto, now will I returne to Doron and Carmela, who not seeing her mother come, fell againe to a few homely kisses, and thus it was, after they had thus amorously ended their Eclogues, they plighted faith and troth, and Carmela verie brisklye wiping her mouth with a white apron, sealed it with a kisse, which Doron taking marueilous kindly, after a little playing loath to depart, they both went about their businesse.

Leauing them therefore to their businesse, againe to Democles; who seeing no intreaties would serue to perswade Samela to loue, neither the hope of the Arcadian crowne, nor the title of a Queene, lastly assayed with frownes and threates, but all in vaine: for Samela, first restrained by nature in that he was her Father, and secondly by loue, in that Melicertus lay imprisoned onely for her sake, stoode still so stiffe to her tackling, that Democles chaunging loue into hate, resolued to reuenge that with death, which no meanes els might satisfie: so

that to colour his frauds withall, he gaue Samela free license to visite Melicertus: which shee had not long done, but that by the instigation of the old King, the gailor confederate to his trecherie, accuseth her of adulterie: whereupon without

further witnesse they both were condemned to dye.

These two louers knowing themselues guiltlesse in this surmised faction, were ioyfull to ende their loues with their liues, and so to conclude all in a fatall and finall content of mindes and passions. But Democles set free Pleusidippus, as afraide the King of Thessalic would reuenge the wrong of his Knight, intertaining him with such sumptuous banquets, as

befitted so braue and woorthie a Gentleman.

The day prefixed came, wherein these parties should die, Samela was so desirous to end her life with her frieed, that shee would not reueale either vnto Democles or Melicertus what she was; and Melicertus rather chose to die with his Samela, then once to name himselfe Maximius. Both thus resolued, were brought to the place of execution; Pleusidippus sitting on a scaffolde with Democles, seeing Samela come forth like the blush in the morning, felt an vncouth passion in his mind, and nature began to enter combat with his thoughts: not loue, but reuerence, not fancie, but feare began to assaile him, that he turnd to the King, and sayd: Is it not pitie, Democles, such divine beauty should be wrapt in cinders?

No, quoth Democles, where the anger of a King must be

satisfied

At this answere Pleusidippus wrapt his face in his cloke and wept, and all the assistants grieued to see so faire a

creature subject to the violent rage of fortune.

Well, Democles commanded the deathsman to doo his deuoyre; who kneeling downe and crauing pardon, readie to giue Melicertus the fatall stroake, there stept out an olde woman attired like a Prophetesse, who cryed out; Villaine holde thy hand, thou wrongest the daughter of a King.

Democles hearing the outcrie, and seeing that at that word the people began to mutinie and murmur, demanded of the old

woman what she meant.

Now, quoth she, Democles, is the Delphian oracle performed; Neptune hath yeelded up the worlds wonder, and that is young Pleusidippus nephew to thee, and sonne to fair Sephestia, who heere standeth under the name of Samela, cast

vpon the Promontory of Arcadie with her yong sonne, where she, as a shepheardesse, hath liude in labours tempred with loues; her son playing on the shore, was conueyed by certain Pirates into Thessaly, where (when as he was supposed euerie way to be dead) doing deedes of chiualrie, he fulfilled the prophecie: your highnesse giuing the Lion, were guide vnto the lambs in dissembling your selfe as a shepheard: planets resting vpon the hils, was the picture of Venus vpon their crests; and the seas that had neither ebbe nor tide, was the combat twixte the father and the sonne, that gaue the waves of the seas in their shields, not able to vanquish one another, but parting with equall victorie. For know Democles this Melicertus is Maximius, twice betrothed to Sephestia, and Father to yong Pleusidippus; now therefore the Oracle fulfilled, is the happie time wherein Arcadie shall rest in peace.

At this, the people gaue a great shout, and the olde woman

vanisht.

Democles as a man rauisht with an extasie of sodaine ioy,

sate still, and stared on the face of Sephestia.

Pleusidippus in all dutie leapt from his seate, and went and couered his mother with his roabe, crauing pardon for the fondnesse of his incestuous affection: and kneeling at his fathers feete submisse, in that he had drawen his sword, and sought his life that first in this world gaue him life.

Maximius first lookt on his wife, and seeing by the lineaments of her face, that it was Sephestia, fell about her necke, and both of them weeping in the bosome of their sonne, shed

teares for ioy to see him so braue a Gentleman.

Democles all this while sitting in a trance, at last calling his senses together, seeing his daughter revived, whom so cruelly for the loue of Maximius he had banisht out of his confines, Maximius in safety, and the childe a matchlesse paragon of approued chiualrie, he leapt from his seate, and imbraced them all with teares, crauing pardon of Maximius and Sephestia: and to shew that the outward object of his watrie eies had a sympathie with the inward passion of his hart, he impald the head of his yong neuew Pleusidippus with the crowne and diadem of Arcadie: and for that his brother Lamedon had in all distresse not left his daughter Sephestia, he toke the matter so kindly, that he reconciled himselfe vnto him, and made him Duke in Arcady.

The successe of this forerehearsed Catastrophe growing so comicall, they all concluded after the Festiuall solemnizing of the Coronation (which was made famous with the excellent deedes of many worthy Caualiers) to passe into *Thessaly*, to contract the mariage twixt *Pleusidippus*, and the daughter of of the *Thessalian* King.

Which newes spred through Arcadie as a wonder, that at last it came to Menaphons ears, who hearing the high parentage of his supposed Samela, seeing his passions were too aspiring, and that with the Syrian Wolues, he barkt against the Moone, he left such lettice as were too fine for his lips, and courted his old loue Pesana, to whom shortly after he was married.

And lest there should be left any thing vnperfect in this pastorall accident, *Doron* smudgde himselfe vp, and iumpde a marriage with his old friend *Carmela*.

FINIS.









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